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Juvenile Instructor

VOL. 52

SEPTEMBER, 1917

NO. 9



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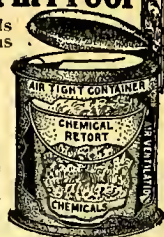
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ALLEGIANCE

By Grace Ingles Frost

Who has looked upon the glory
Of your folds flung to the breeze,
As resplendently you've floated
O'er the land or on the seas,
But has felt the thrill of rapture
Swell his heart and there abide,
When he owned you the great emblem
Of his liberty and pride?

Who has seen you grimed and gory
At the crisis of the fight,
But his soul has grown more valiant
For the victory of Right?
To prevent your desecration
Mighty men have for you bled,
Aye, and many more done battle
Till their mortal life has fled!

Who has viewed the bier of heroes,
Where you reverently lay,
But has gained the inspiration
That 'twere good such price to pay?
Flag of loyalty and splendor!
In the time of war or peace,
May your dignity and honor
Through the ages e'er increase.

Flag that ne'er has been defeated!
Flag that cannot proudly wave
Save where reigns the rule of justice
O'er a people strong and brave!
Flag of Freedom! Flag of Freedom!
With uncovered heads we stand,
Pledging you renewed allegiance
To defend with heart and hand!



COLONEL RICHARD W. YOUNG
Commanding Utah National Guard



VOL. LII

SEPTEMBER, 1917

No. 9

The Utah National Guard

By Claude T. Barnes

Commanded by a Presidential proclamation invoked by the exigences of the most awful war of history, the National Guard of Utah, fifteen hundred strong, on the fifth day of August, 1917, passed into membership in the national army. The total of all the transfers from the national guards of all the states of the Union was 13,093 officers and 419,834 men; and thus, by this one proclamation, the army of the United States, exclusive of the naval and marine corps, was raised to 725,000 men. The selective draft will contribute 687,000 more.

On the eighth of August a score of the Utah contingent left for Petersburg, Va., to join the quartermaster's corps. The plan for the remainder of the Utah force, so far as ascertainable at the time of this writing, includes a brief stay at Ft. Douglas, Utah, a training sojourn at one of the federal camps in California and then—France!

The transition from a state to a national organization required but an hour's time; but, thereafter, officers and privates became subject to federal authority, with the standing and remuneration of regulars.

Many Utah sons, who enlisted in the

regular army, are already in France, some having sailed from an Atlantic port on July 30th, after having spent a short time in training at Ft. Bliss and other points; but readers will be especially interested in the Utah regiment, as in it are young men from nearly every city in Utah. Furthermore, as will be seen from the roster of officers, which includes such familiar names as Col. Richard W. Young, Lieutenant-Colonel, William C. Webb, Majors John F. Sharp, E. LeRoy Bourne and B. H. Roberts, Captains Charles R. Mabey, Curtis Y. Clawson and Edwin G. Woolley, Jr., many of the men are intimately connected with the work of this magazine and with the organization it represents.

The patriotism of the citizens of Utah is a matter not only of pride to themselves but also of unstinted praise elsewhere. Among the states it has, since the declaration of war, been invariably one of the first three in responding to the call for enlistments to the army or the navy, for subscriptions to the Liberty loan, for contributions to the Red Cross fund, and in filling its National Guard quota. The government has but to ask and Utah

more than complies! However, even greater sacrifices are yet to be made.

Following is the roster of commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Guard as they now stand in the national army.

Colonel R. W. Young.

Major William E. Kneass, commanding Second battalion.

Lieut. B. H. Roberts—Chaplain.

Major James H. Wolfe—Judge Advocate.

Battalion Adjutant Captain Richard F. King.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM C. WEBB
Utah National Guard

Lieutenant-Colonel William C. Webb.

Regimental Adjutant Captain Fred T. Gundry.

Major E. Leroy Bourne, commanding First battalion.

Battalion Adjutant Captain Albert Meyers.

Headquarters company—Captain Fred Jorgensen, First Lieutenant Guy H. Holmes.

Supply company—Captain Fred Kamerman, First Lieutenant Roy F. Williams.

Captain A. J. Meachin, quartermaster corps.

A battery—Captain Curtis Y. Clawson, First Lieutenant Irving D. Offer, First Lieutenant Lloyd Garrison, Second Lieutenant Gordon L. Lawrence, Second Lieutenant B. H. Wayne.

B battery—Captain J. Ray Ward, First Lieutenant A. E. Wilfong, First Lieutenant Jesse Farley, Second Lieutenant Roscoe Glasson, Second Lieutenant Owen Sherwood.

C battery—Captain Edwin G. Woolley, Jr., First Lieutenant William C. Star, First Lieutenant George L. Barron, Second Lieutenant Joseph Sobel, Second Lieutenant R. V. Woods.

D battery—Captain Elmer I. Johnson, First Lieutenant T. De Witt Foster, First Lieutenant Arthur L. Doran, Second Lieutenant Frank C. Bird, Second Lieutenant Don Williams.

E battery—Captain Alex. R. Thomas, First Lieutenant William Campbell, First Lieutenant L. M. Young, Second Lieutenant Theodore Peterson, Second Lieutenant Ray Young.

F battery—Captain Charles R. Mabey, First Lieutenant Glenn Jensen, First Lieutenant William Crawford, Second Lieutenant Marcus Johnson, Second Lieutenant Irwin Clawson.



MAJOR E. LeROY BOURNE.
Commanding First Battalion, Utah National Guard

Sanitary department—Major Willard Christopherson, Lieutenant R. T. Jellison, Lieutenant Guy Van Scoyoc.

Field hospital—Major John F. Sharp, Captain George F. Roberts, First Lieutenant Fred I. Jansen, First Lieutenant J. E. Tyree, First Lieutenant E. F. Chamberlain, First Lieutenant A. C. Bowman.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY

Regimental sergeant major, George

H. Payne; battalion sergeant majors—Ray J. Cunningham, Hawley C. Taylor.

Sergeants—David A. Scott, Jean Ziesel, Charles King, Eliga Davis, Robert B. Patterson, John C. Murdock, George M. Cannon, Walter D. Anderson.

Corporals—Edmund W. Newman, Creighton King, Joseph H. McGee, John A. Blickensdorfer, Lawrence K. Sands, Joseph B. Ballantyne, B. Y. Hardy, S. E. Webb, Donald Cameron, Marion Smithson, Fred L. Henefer, Alfred Mitchell.



MAJOR WILLIAM E. KNEASS
Commanding Second Battalion, Utah National Guard



LIEUTENANT BRIGHAM H. ROBERTS
Chaplain, Utah National Guard

SUPPLY COMPANY

Regimental supply sergeant—
Charles C. Budd.

Sergeants—Roy Reid, Edwin Fox.

Corporals—Loren L. Ross, John P.
Egan.

A BATTERY

Sergeants—Thomas L. Halvorsen,
Earl C. Rice, Ralph S. Burton, James
L. Wheat, Lloyd H. Duffin, August J.
Scribante, William R. Montgomery,
Francis P. Fletcher, Ralph H. Burt,
E. O. Seigfus, William D. Core, Paul
C. Spiers, Frank F. Boll.

Corporals—Robert W. Deming,
Basil Mowry, William V. Patterson,

Henry Cope, William L. Maughn,
Albert B. Baldwin, Cyril F. Roach,
Dewitt C. Webb, Clarence Lundquist,
Walter J. Barrette, John McCardle,
Ernest Crocker, Harold G. Culter,
Clarence Oleson, John W. Tuft, John
A. Whelan, George Q. Nielson, John
E. Holden, Howard Fitch, James G.
Baker.

B BATTERY

Sergeants—Walter E. Lane, Her-
bert B. Ferrington, Elmer G. Husted,
Herman G. Moyer, John R. Hansink,
Forest M. Garhart, Stanley O. Pres-
her, Edgar G. Johnston, Clarence M.
Ferguson, Milton D. Boyle, Edwin S.
Nelson.

Corporals—Carl A. Swanson, Newton J. Bills, Kenneth N. Chandler, Ned Manzie, George F. Jensen, Lee D. Turner, Ernest A. Dalch, Lewis M. Falck, Ames H. Young, James A. Miles, Earl S. Pingree, William J.

W. Thomas, Wade H. Pickett, Reuben L. Johnson, Nicholas O. Crockston, Noel H. Esckelsen, Alfred Bergajo, John C. Lillywhite.

Corporals—Parley L. Hansen, Alvin L. Hopkins, John L. Davis, John C.



CAPTAIN CURTIS Y. CLAWSON
Battery A, Utah National Guard

Eccles, John A. MaFoy, Alfred G. Manning, Victor Nelson, Leonard V. Adams, Glen S. Dee, Leland B. Allison, Wayne A. Gundmunson.

C BATTERY

Sergeants—Samuel B. Riter, Homer Holngren, David O. Theurer, Fred

Burt, Silver P. Lowe, Ernest E. Johnson, Jarvis Koford, George E. Smith, Irwin H. Standing, Horace D. Ensign, Oliver H. Zollinger, Norbert A. Gurell, Charles K. McCallister, John C. Wright, William A. Woodside, Ellis Evans, Wayne O. Jeppson, Rufus Jeppson, Albert L. McDonald.

D BATTERY

Sergeants—Matthew Stein, Henry Scherader, Elliott B. Jampton, John E. McCardle, C. H. Hodson, Brigham H. Robinson, Russell W. Lund, Wil-



CAPTAIN FRED JORGENSEN,
Headquarters Company, Utah National
Guard.

liam A. Bailey, Cloyd F. Wooley, W. A. Martin, H. S. Baker, R. H. Kay, William La Fee.

Corporals—Claud Wilkins, C. G. Taylor, George F. Burrows, Harold C. Brim, E. N. Greer, George Chandler, E. W. Butler, G. W. Grow, E. C. Pack, J. W. Summerhays, H. L. Mus-

ser, E. B. Thomson, Frank J. Gray, Grant U. Todd, F. C. Beers, C. H. Henefer, J. H. Pierson, Aloize Pruss, J. G. Stevenson, Samuel Hilton, Otto Buys.

E BATTERY

Sergeants—Charles Woodruff, Erasmus P. Snow, David C. Bowen, William E. Pearson, Norman R. Vote, Joseph W. Palmer, Charles I. Baughman, Arnold C. Ritchins, Thomas F. Kearns, George Cannon Lund, Martin P. Mulvey, Harold S. Jennings, Lawrence S. Timpson.

Corporals—Ross Beatie, Levi E. Evans, George B. Bowers, Fred L. Rampton, Charles H. Candland, William H. Latimer, Kingsley E. Clawson, N. Ross Beattie, Raymond C. Taylor, Lewis Squires, Scott A. Dahlquist, Heber E. Young, William S. O'Brien, Ernest Elwood, Leonard A. Manes, Jack M. Tannenbaum, John C. Conlin, Jacob S. Evans, R. P. Morris, William J. Cope, Wendall W. Whitney.

F. BATTERY

Sergeants—Carl G. Boshard, R. D. Smith, Albert H. Hickman, C. A. Smith, E. Pennington, L. Cleming, F. R. Hamilton, M. Phillips, J. D. Prior, F. O. Kammerman, D. Christianson, C. Poulson, R. Metcalf, I. N. Hinckley.

Corporals—G. Fullenback, W. B. Maws, J. F. Halliday, R. Boshard, W. H. Finn, L. Ferre, V. Peay, A. Wignall, R. L. Freckleton, J. B. Peterson, E. Seeley, A. Cherry, C. A. Christianson, R. Cox, W. Shay, Lund Metcalf, R. R. Candland, W. Clayton, Almo Simmons.

Passing Cheer

Every day at eight o'clock she hurries by the door,
She smiles at me a moment as she passes—nothing more;
But, somehow, things are brighter and are fairer than before.

I'm poor and lame, but when the sun is shining clear and bright,
They place me by the window in the morning's mellow light,
And there I watch the people till the darkness comes with night.

God bless the ones who give a nod to cheer a dreary day,
God bless the girl who smiles at me, and hastens on her way—
A silent prayer to keep her safe is all that I can pay.

Youth's Companion

The Heart of an Indian

By Howard R. Driggs

II

Last summer while I was attending an institute at Lawrence, Kansas, held for the teachers of the Indians, Superintendent Peairs, then head of



CHIEF WASHAKIE

the Indian school, told me the following story of Chief Washakie, the friend of the Mormon Pioneers:

"When the time came that the Indians of the West were obliged by the

government to live on reservations, Washakie willingly made a treaty and led his tribe to the Wind River country, which had been set apart for the Shoshones. He did all he could to make the Indians feel right and obey the terms of the treaty.

"President Grant was so pleased at the chief's attitude and help that he decided to send Washakie a token of his appreciation. To this end, he ordered the agent to purchase for the Shoshone leader the best horse, saddle, and bridle that he could obtain and present it with the President's compliments.

"The agent did as he was ordered. On a certain day, he led the splendid animal with its fine equipment up to the trading post, where he found Washakie.

"The Great White Father,' said the agent, 'sends this horse to you, chief, with this saddle and bridle and asks you to accept it with his good wishes.'

"Washakie looked at the horse, but he said nothing.

"The agent, thinking he had not been understood, repeated his words, and asked, 'Doesn't Washakie understand that the Great Father at Washington gives the horse to him?'

"Yes, me savey,' said the chief; 'White man heap talk; Injun let his heart speak.'"

The Jolly Tree

If you never have planted a Jolly Tree,
Don't wait for an Arbor Day,
But take a bit of advice from me,
And do it without delay.
It starts from a little smiley seed,
And quick as a flash it will sprout,
And when you have tasted the fruit indeed,
You never will be without.

As soon as the smiley seed is in,
At once it begins to grow;
And the dear little giggly-buds begin
Their gay little heads to show.

And truly amazing it is to see
How, in less than a wink and a half,
A giggly-bud can grow to be
The jolliest kind of a laugh!

The fruit is a cure-all, doctors say—
The very thing for the blues;
And when 'tis applied in the proper way
Is good for a bump or bruise.
Plain bread and butter a treat will be
With Jolly sauce on the tray.
Oh, come, let us plant a Jolly Tree,
Nor wait for an Arbor Day.
—Selected.

The Coming of the Lord*

Christ's Advent Near at Hand

By James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

We believe . . . That Christ will reign personally upon the earth; etc.—Articles of Faith, No. 10.

"Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? this same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." (Acts 1:11). So spake the white-robed angels to the apostles as the resurrected Christ ascended from their midst on Mount Olivet. The assertion is definite, unambiguous, easy to comprehend. Jesus the Christ is to return to earth "in like manner" as He went, therefore as a material Being, a living Personage, having a tangible immortalized body of flesh and bones.

The actuality of the Lord's future advent is attested by the utterances of holy prophets both before and since the brief period of His ministry in the flesh, and by His own unequivocal avowal. Consider the following:

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." (Matt. 16:27).

"For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." (Luke 9:26; compare Mark 8:38).

The Master had so effectively instructed the apostles concerning His assured death and His later return to earth in power and glory, that they eagerly inquired as to the time and signs of His coming. (See Matt. chap. 24). Though they failed to

comprehend the full import of His reply, He told them that many great developments would intervene between His departure and return; but as to the certainty of His advent as Judge, and Lord, and King, Jesus left no excuse for dubiety in their minds. Throughout the apostolic period the Lord's coming was preached with the emphasis of inspired and convicting testimony.

Book of Mormon prophecies concerning the great event are no whit less explicit. To the Nephites the resurrected Christ preached the gospel of salvation; "And He did expound all things, even from the beginning *until the time that He should come in His glory.*" (Book of Mormon, 3 Nephi 26:3).

Questions of supreme import to every one of us are these: (1) When will Christ come? (2) What shall be the purpose and attendant conditions of His coming?

The date of the Lord's advent has never been revealed to man, nor shall it be. Prior to His resurrection Jesus Himself did not know it, as witness His words: "But of that day and that hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels which are in heaven, *neither the Son, but the Father.*" (Mark 13:32).

In the present age the Father hath declared: "*And they have done unto the Son of man even as they listed; and He has taken His power on the right hand of His glory, and now reigneth in the heavens, and will reign till He descends on the earth to put all enemies under His feet, which time is nigh at hand. I, the Lord God, have spoken it, but the hour and the day no man knoweth, neither the angels in heaven, nor shall they know until He comes.*" (Doctrine and Covenants, 49:6-7).

*This is one of the series of short articles now being published at weekly intervals in several prominent papers throughout the country.—Ed.

In the light of such scriptural affirmations we may dismiss as empty conjecture all alleged determinations as to the precise time of the Lord's appearing. Nevertheless, the specified signs and conditions by which is shown the imminence of the event are definite, and from these we know that the great day of the Lord is very near. To the Church today Jesus Christ has said:

"For the hour is nigh, and that which was spoken by mine apostles must be fulfilled; for as they spoke so shall it come to pass; For I will reveal myself from heaven with power and great glory, with all the hosts thereof, and dwell in righteousness with men on earth a thousand years, and the wicked shall not stand." (Doctrine and Covenants, 29:10-11).

So near is the consummation that the intervening period is called "to-day"; and on the morrow mankind shall rejoice or tremble at the presence of the Lord. (See Doctrine and Covenants 64:23-25).

Bible, Book of Mormon, and the volume of modern revelation known as the Doctrine and Covenants, together with the utterances of prophets yet in the flesh, are one in the portentous proclamation that the signs of the Lord's return are maturing with impressive rapidity. To the righteous the day shall be one of blessing and recompense; to the wilfully wick-

ed it portends judgment according to the measure of their iniquity.

Christ's advent shall be made with the accompaniment of power and great glory. While in suddenness and unexpectedness to the unobserving it shall be comparable to the coming of a thief in the night (2 Peter 3:10), it shall be a manifestation of surpassing glory to all the world: *"For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even unto the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."* (Matt. 24:27).

With the Lord's appearing a general resurrection of the righteous dead shall be effected, and many then in the flesh shall be changed from the mortal to the immortal state without the intervening experience of prolonged disembodiment or the sleep of the grave. (See 1 Thess. 4:14-17).

"And the face of the Lord shall be unveiled; And the saints that are upon the earth, who are alive, shall be quickened, and be caught up to meet Him. And they who have slept in their graves shall come forth; for their graves shall be opened, and they also shall be caught up to meet Him in the midst of the pillar of heaven." (Doctrine and Covenants 88:95-97).

Then shall be established the era of peace, the predicted Millennium, in which Christ shall dwell with men, and shall rule in the earth as Lord and King.

The Robins

By Mrs. M. S. Stone

A robin left her little babes
To find some fresh-plowed ground,
For hid beneath the upturned soil
Such lovely worms are found!
Those robin babes were lazy lads
Who did not like to fly;
And when they found themselves alone
They all began to cry.
The oldest little robin sobbed,
"I feel so very thin;
If I don't get a worm real soon
I know I'll cave right in!"
The second little bird began
To twist and turn and shrug;

"I hope when Mother comes," he said
"She'll bring a big, fat bug!"

The youngest little robin squeaked
"O where has Mother flown?
I do not think it right that she
Should leave us here alone!"

When Mother Robin came with worms
The sun was climbing high;
And every other little bird
Was trying hard to fly.

"You lazy birds," their Mother cried,
"To stay here in your nest;
I'll drop your breakfast on the ground
And you must do the rest!"



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JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH, Editor
GEORGE D. PYPER, Associate Editor
T. ALBERT HOOPER, Business Manager

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SALT LAKE CITY, SEPTEMBER, 1917

The Times

There is a vast amount of confusion in the minds of the people, just at this time, as to what the great events of the immediate future will be, and what the results of the great war are likely to bring about. It is not possible to foresee things that are sure to occur. It is a time when the interests of the nations of the world are at stake, and men's individualism must be repressed in the interests of national good. It is further import-

ant that the Latter-day Saints should realize that these are the times of which God hath spoken. For more than two generations the Elders have been proclaiming to the world the events which are already upon us, and have warned the nations of the dangers, calamities and wars to come. We have imparted this message faithfully, according to our best light and understanding. If we have not been understood, if we have been ridiculed, if the message which we have borne has not been received, we may at least feel that we have done in part our duty to God and to the world. So far as the Saints are concerned, it is quite natural that they should experience considerable excitement, and that feeling should run high within them at this time. Peculiar and remarkable conditions exist. There may be those who are Latter-day Saints in most of the great contending armies of the world. They may, therefore, be brought in direct opposition to one another. But this is not a time of individual advancement. It is not a time when the rights of men can be placed in equality with the rights of the nation. Individualism is suppressed for national good. Nor is this the first time that men of the same faith, of the same people, have been placed in contest one against the other. Such is the case in a revolution. It was the case in Ancient Israel, when among the Hebrews wars grew within the nation, and the people of the kingdom of Israel fought against the people of the kingdom of Judah. The fact, therefore, that Latter-day Saints may now be in the armies contending against one another, in matters for which they are

not responsible, should not in the least disturb the minds of those who are wondering what it means and if there is not some great inconsistency in such conditions. It is important, however, for us to keep in mind the fact that what we must do above all things is to perform our duty, both to our country and to our God, and we may leave with Him the matter of reconciling the right and the wrong of the things which we do not ourselves understand. A word, however, to the Saints who have gathered from various nations of the earth, may be appreciated just at this time. God has appointed His Zion to be in the land of America. To that land He has called His Saints from all nations of the world. There they have gathered in order that they might be cemented in a common brotherhood. There they have gathered that they might enjoy the same spirit and the same blessings. As for His work, He will take care that it is perpetuated, that those who have respected His call shall be preserved in the fulfillment of the revelations which He has given to His Saints in the last days. Let the people, therefore, not be disturbed on this question. If they cannot understand the current events, if they cannot fathom the troublous times, they may wait upon the Lord, and trust to Him for the fulfillment of those things He has predicted in the last days. We do not rejoice that war is upon the world, and because it is in fulfillment of the prophecies. We sorrow with mankind that such things must come. Their purpose, their general and final effects, are within the keeping of God, and we can only with patience await the result. In the meantime let us not be disturbed in our minds too greatly. Let there be no misgivings towards one another among the Saints, because of the differences in nationalities that may exist. Those who truly enjoy the brotherhood of man, those who seek firmly and determinedly to serve God will know for themselves, and they

will appreciate the fact that the purposes of God are above and beyond all individual consideration. Let the Saints, therefore, in their demeanor to one another be calm, be just, and above all things, pray for one another, that no dissension may enter into our midst, that there may be no differences of the spirit among the Saints anywhere, and if they are humble, and faithful, and prayerful, they will understand what to do, and they will not be misled, and they will not be greatly disturbed in their feelings concerning the future and the purposes of God, not only with respect to His Saints, but with respect to the nations of the world. Be it then first said, our hearts are filled with sorrow, but we must bear our sorrow in patience and calmness, and look to the Lord for the end of these troublous times, and trust Him that He will bring all about for His purposes, for the accomplishment of what He has to do respecting the nations of the world. If we cannot understand, if we cannot know it all, we may at least trust to the Lord and wait upon Him for the accomplishment of all things.

JOSEPH F. SMITH.

Our Trust in God

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forebodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones. Present blessings slip by, and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God that our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We, who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust; and he, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving! Why can not we, slipping our hand in his each day, walk trustingly over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—*Phillips Brooks*.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

Teacher-Training Department

Milton Bennion, chairman; Howard R. Driggs and Adam S. Bennion

WORK FOR OCTOBER

Educational Methods Used by Jesus

"The Making of a Teacher," (Brumbaugh), Chapter 24.

In this connection teachers should make a careful comparative study of The Ten Commandments and The Sermon on the Mount. Note how negative methods prevail in the former and positive methods in the latter. Yet Jesus did not abandon altogether negative methods. On various occasions wrongdoers were severely rebuked and their actions condemned. This should warn us that our teaching methods should not be too "soft." In so far as possible fix attention on the good—the thing that ought to be done; but when occasion requires do not hesitate to condemn the evil. Jesus was very kind, merciful, and forgiving toward penitent sinners. He was very severe in rebuking the selfish, the haughty, and the hypocritical.

The parables should receive careful study as a device in teaching method.

The Teacher's Attitude

[By Adam S. Bennion]

As pointed out in last month's article, one of the first prerequisites of good teaching is that the teacher must grow. And next to the importance of growth is the proper direction of that growth. To make a studied development toward perfection is the teacher's ideal. No one doubts his ability through proper exercise to develop muscular strength, and what is true of physical training applies equally well to mental and spiritual. What we need is more mental gymnastics.

To the teacher who would undertake the gymnastics, a matter of very great significance is the attitude of mind with which he approaches his work. "To feel right" toward a task is the first big step in the conquest. And a proper attitude—thanks to human nature—can be developed. Such an attitude ought to consist of at least six phases of disposition:

1. **Cheerfulness.** What sunshine is to the plant, cheerfulness is to the human soul. The teacher must radiate newness of life into his class. The spirit of the

gospel does not dwell in the heart of a "grouch" and wholesomeness of life cannot be fostered in an atmosphere of gloom. We may well remind ourselves of Lincoln's adage: "You can catch more bees with a drop of honey than with a gallon of vinegar."

2. **Sympathy.** The spirit of Comradeship is a wonderful asset in reaching young people. Boys and girls love to associate with a person who appreciates their point of view—who can interpret life through their experiences. The closeness of companionability is essential to the leading of young minds—"long-distance" instruction can have but little influence.

3. **Humility.** Akin to drawing near to students is the disposition to draw near to the Lord for the inspiration of His Holy Spirit. Nothing antagonizes students sooner than the "know-it-all" attitude. One of the most beautiful passages in the Doctrine and Covenants (Sec. 12:10) is God's promise to the humble: "Be thou therefore humble and the Lord thy God shall lead thee by the hand, and give thee answer to thy prayers."

4. **Resourcefulness.** Having something new always to arrest attention—being wide-awake to all situations—being a real leader into new thought—being different—these certainly are guarantees of splendid growth.

5. **Sincerity.** To be sincere without taking one's self too seriously is a mark of strength of character to be sought after. To be in the employ of our Father in heaven—to help train His children—surely this is a sacred task. Frivolity is outside the conception of true teaching, so far as purpose is concerned. And yet a teacher can teach with earnestness through the kindness of a cheerful disposition.

6. **Perseverance.** The teacher needs must possess the happy faculty of "holding up" when everyone about him seems to argue "there ain't no use." The harder the teaching the greater the need of spiritual inspiration and enthusiasm. Any one can join in the joy of success—it is a sign of strength to drive out despair with optimism—to chase gloom and disinterestedness with tactful activity.

Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and Stephen L. Richards

SACRAMENT GEM FOR OCTOBER, 1917

(D. S. S. Songs No. 45)

In remembrance of Thy suff'ring
Lord, these emblems we partake;
When Thyself Thou gav'st an off'ring
Dying for the sinner's sake.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR OCTOBER, 1917

(Doctrine and Covenants 64:9, 10)

"Wherefore I say unto you, that ye ought to forgive one another, for he that forgiveth not his brother his trespasses, standeth condemned before the Lord, for there remaineth in him the greater sin."

"I, the Lord, will forgive whom I will forgive, but of you it is required to forgive all men."

UNIFORM LESSON—OCTOBER, 1917

Subject: Forgiveness

1. Organ music.
2. Abstract of minutes.
3. Notices. Brief preview of the day's lesson.
4. Song. (No. 286.)
5. Prayer by member Theological Department.
6. Sacrament Song, "In Remembrance of Thy Suff'ring." (No. 45.)
7. Sacrament Gem.
8. Administration of the Sacrament.
9. Concert Recitation.
10. Song. (No. 67.)
11. Department work.

Outline for Class Teachers

The following outline should be adapted to the capacity of the respective classes:

- I. We should Forgive One Another.
(See Mark 11:25; Doc. & Cov., 64:9, 10.)
- II. Forgiveness Should Be Sought.
 - a. If our brother feels that we have offended him we should seek him out and make all things right. (Matt. 5:23-24.)
 - b. We should not wait for him to come to us. (Matt. 5:25; III Nephi 12:23-26.)

III. How Granted.

- a. We should voluntarily extend our forgiveness, as the Savior did while He was upon the cross, and as Stephen did while he was being stoned to death. (Luke 23:34; Acts 7:60.)
- b. We are required to love our enemies, to bless them that curse us, to do good to them that hate us, and to pray for them that despitefully use and persecute us. (Matt. 5:44.)

IV. How Obtained from the Lord.

- a. By forgiving those who have trespassed against us. (Matt. 6:14; III Nephi 13:14.)
- b. By confessing our sins and repenting. (I John 1:9; II Cor. 7:10; Isa. 55:7; Doc. & Cov. 1:32; 64:9.)

V. Punishment for Failure to Forgive Others.

- a. We may be afflicted and chastened. (Doc. & Cov. 64:8; Matt. 18:35.)
- b. The Lord will not forgive us our sins and trespasses. (Mark 12:26; II Nephi 13:15.)

VI. Unforgivable Sins.

- a. Blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. (Doc. & Cov. 132:27.)

- b. Murder.
 c. Covenant breaking (Doc. &
 Cov. 84:41.)
 12. Reassembly.

13. Recitations on subject of "Forgive-
 ness" by pupils.
 14. Song (No. 49.)
 15. Benediction.

Choristers and Organists' Department

*Joseph Ballantyne, Chairman; Horace S. Ensign, Geo. D. Pyper, Edward P. Kimball
 and Tracy Y. Cannon*

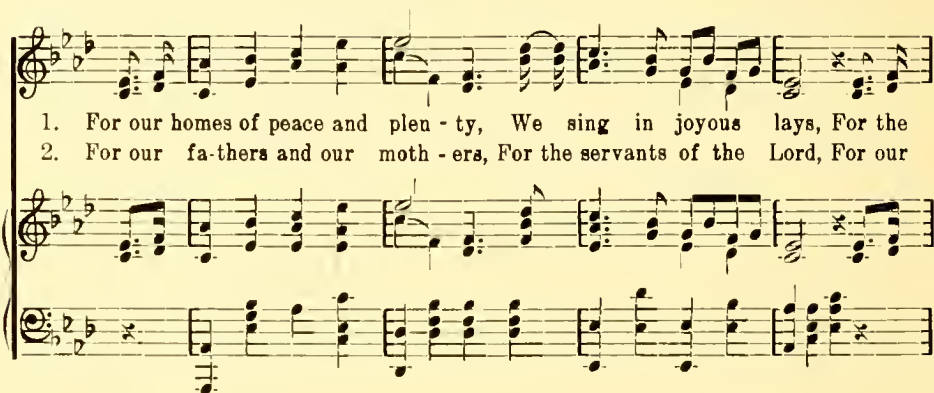
A Song of Praise

Words by RUTH MAY FOX

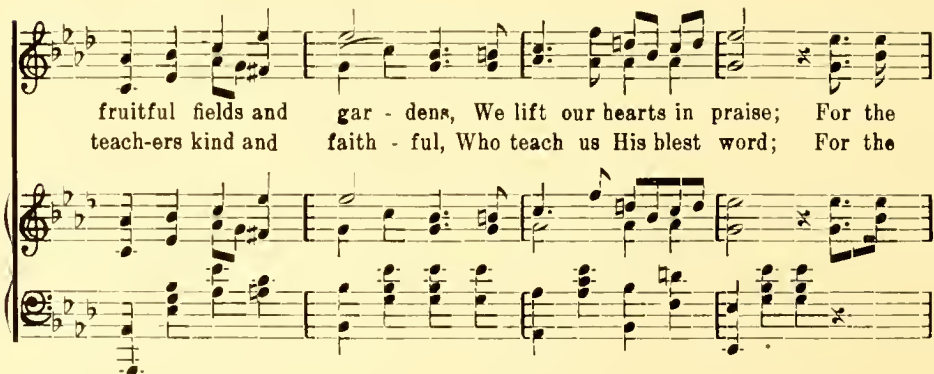
Music by TRACY Y. CANNON



In March time f



1. For our homes of peace and plen - ty, We sing in joyous lays, For the
 2. For our fa - thers and our moth - ers, For the servants of the Lord, For our



fruitful fields and gar - dens, We lift our hearts in praise; For the
 teach - ers kind and faith - ful, Who teach us His blest word; For the

mountains and the val - leys Where the crystal streamlets flow, For the
ev - er - last - ing Gos - pel Re - stored in lat - ter days, We a

sapphire dome a - bove us, Our hearts with praises glow.
host of happy chil - dren, Lift heart and voice in praise.

CHORUS. With animation.

Praise the Lord of hea - ven, Praise the loving hand That

led our valiant fathers to this glorious land, this glor - ious land.

The Great Fundamental

[By Edward P. Kimball]

When speaking a few years ago to the Sunday School of which he had just been chosen superintendent, a prominent man said this, among other things:

"We shall endeavor to have more fresh air and more of the Spirit of the Lord in our school." If all Sunday School workers would enter upon and continue in their labors with a determination to secure for the school through their individual acts "more of the Spirit of the Lord" there would be guaranteed to the school wonderful blessings. Most young people who take up labor in the Sunday School do so willingly and with a sincere determination and desire to serve the Lord and their brothers and sisters; but it sometimes becomes evident that they are inclined too much to pursue their work independent of the Spirit of the Lord, instead of asking for this great blessing, and conducting their lives in a manner that will enable them to have it as their constant companion. It would seem unnecessary that Latter-day Saints should need to be reminded that possession of the Holy Spirit is the first thing to be sought and possessed by those who are called to teach the truths of the gospel.

The revelations to the Prophet are replete with declarations that they shall not teach who have not received this Spirit: "And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith, and if ye receive not the Spirit, ye shall not teach" (Doc. and Cov. 42:14). One can receive this Spirit by praying for it, and it will remain with us if we set our lives in tune with the will of God. "And ye receive the Spirit through prayer; wherefore, without this there remaineth condemnation" (Doc. and Cov. 63-64). "Pray always, and I will pour out my Spirit upon you, and great shall be your blessing; yea, even more than if you should obtain treasures of earth and corruptibleness to the extent thereof" (Doc. and Cov. 19:38). "And if you keep my commandments and endure to the end, you shall have eternal life, which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God. And it shall come to pass, that if you shall ask the Father in my name, in faith believing, you shall receive the Holy Ghost, which giveth utterance, that you may stand as a witness of the things of which you shall both hear and see, and also that you may declare repentance unto this generation" (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 14:7-18).

Only by the Spirit can we know the

truth of the gospel, and our failure to obey the will of the Lord, leaves us without His Spirit and we find ourselves in that condition of doubt stated by the Lord in Doc. and Cov. Sec. 58:26-33. "For behold it is not meet that I should command in all things, for he that is compelled in all things, the same is a slothful and not a wise servant; wherefore he receiveth no reward. Verily I say men should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and do many things of their own free will, and bring to pass much righteousness; for the power is in them, wherein they are agents unto themselves. And inasmuch as men do good they shall in nowise lose their reward. But he that doeth not anything until he is commanded, and receiveth a commandment with doubtful heart, and keepeth it with slothfulness, the same is damned. Who am I that made man, saith the Lord, that will hold him guiltless that obeys not my commandments? Who am I, saith the Lord, that have promised and have not fulfilled? I command and a man obeys not, I revoke and they receive not the blessing; Then they say in their hearts, this is not the work of the Lord, for his promises are not fulfilled. But wo unto such, for their reward lurketh beneath and not from above."

Surely no Sunday School worker can hope to burn the message of truth into the hearts of those who come to him for light unless there burns within his own soul that Light—"that Spirit which leadeth to do good; yea to do justly to walk humbly, to judge righteously;" and, says the Lord, "this is my Spirit. Verily, I say unto you, I will impart to you of my Spirit; which shall enlighten your mind, which shall fill your soul with joy, and then shall ye know, or by this shall ye know all things whatsoever ye desire of me, which are pertaining unto things of righteousness, in faith believing in me that ye shall receive" (Doc. and Cov. 11:12-14).

Such thoughts in the columns of the Choristers and Organists' department may seem to have gotten into the wrong space, but there can be no harm done in directing the minds of these officers to such reflections for a few minutes. If any officers of the school should be full of the Spirit of the Lord it is these.

Except in the opening and closing prayer, and the administration of the Sacrament these two have charge of all combined acts of worship in the exercises. The organist has the task of choosing and playing music which will bring into the room an atmosphere of

reverence and worship. The chorister must select songs, which are in keeping with the occasion, and which will constantly "add upon" the devotional spirit of the school. These are no simple tasks and, too, there is much responsibility attached to them. Upon you, my fellow-workers, rests the grave labor of interpreting through your school to God, the heart and soul of our songs. We will realize our responsibility if we will ponder these words of the Lord: "For my soul delighteth in the song of the heart, yea the song of the righteous is a prayer unto me, and shall be answered with a blessing on their heads." We are largely accountable for the fulfillment of this promise to our school. As we go about our task, let us test ourselves by our actions to make certain that we are in possession of the proper spirit. This will not be difficult if we use Paul's words as a guide: "But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance. If we live in the Spirit, let us walk in the Spirit." As we go into our next session, and every session thereafter, to open, to conduct the

singing practice, to do anything in fact, let us recall these words, for a discourse might be delivered referring directly to us, on every one of the fruits of the Spirit.

"Therefore, O ye, that embark in the service of God, see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day; Therefore, if ye have desires to serve God, ye are called to the work, For behold the field is white already to harvest, and lo, he that thrusteth in his sickle with his might the same layeth up in store that he perish not, but bringeth salvation to his soul; And faith, hope, charity, and love, with an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work. Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence. Ask and ye shall receive, knock and it shall be opened unto you. Amen." (Doc. and Cov. Sec. 4:2-7.)

"And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith, and if you receive not the Spirit ye shall not teach."

Parents' Department

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Dirggs, Nathan T. Porter and E. G. Gowans

WORK FOR OCTOBER

First Sunday, Oct. 7

Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Second Sunday, Oct. 14

Calendar Sunday—Home Efficiency

How much energy is thrown away in your home every day by taking needless steps? Have you ever stopped to figure what it costs to have an unhandy kitchen and an inconvenient living room? Here is an example: A certain mother has to carry water from a hydrant that stands two rods from her door. She makes that trip about twenty-five times a day. That means 100 rods of walking in a day, 700 rods in a week; over 100 miles in a year. It would cost about \$10 to have the water piped into the kitchen. Would it be a paying investment?

The day is right here when woman's energy is to be preserved more than ever. We have no right to waste it. Men are being taken out of the daily walks of life to sterner duties. The

times demand that every step and every stroke of men and women count for something. Waste of energy is waste of time, money, and life. Men and women both should be concerned with making homes more convenient so that mother's energy may not be thrown away but saved for more important things.

A little thoughtful planning by parents would make homes much easier to keep. We are prone to get into ruts, to follow old trails, to waste our lives taking unnecessary steps. This is true not only in the house, but in the yards.

Make this a question for helpful discussion: How can our homes be made more efficient? What conveniences that are not costly, but very helpful would you suggest as necessities for every home?

Ask the home economics teachers to help you.

Third Sunday, Oct. 21

Regular Lessons

"Adolescence"—Lesson XVIII—in Parent and Child, gives some very thoughtful questions for consideration.

Take this chapter by Professor Hall. Read it carefully and discuss it for the Third Sunday of this month.

Fourth Sunday, Oct. 28

For the Fourth Sunday the discussion by Dr. Tyler on the "Adolescent Boy

and Girl," page 162, may be begun.

This subject "Adolescence" is too important to be run over hastily. Two or three months' work will be devoted to the lessons outlined following the lecture by Dr. Tyler. Let the supervisors plan ahead accordingly.

Theological Department

Elias Conway Ashton, chairman; Milton Bennion, John M. Mills, Geo. H. Wallace, Edwin G. Woolley, Jr.

First Year—Lives of the Apostles

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Text book: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," by Edward H. Anderson.

First Sunday, Oct. 7

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, Oct. 14

Lesson 28

- I. Second Missionary Journey of St. Paul.
 1. The Parting of Paul and Barnabas.
 2. Silas chosen Paul's Companion.
 3. Places visited in the Second journey.
 4. Paul and Timothy.
 5. Paul's call by vision to Macedonia.
 6. Paul and Silas at Philippa.
 7. The first European convert.
 8. A demon cast out.
 9. Paul and Silas arrested and beaten.
 10. Conversion of the Philippian jailer.
 11. The magistrate's fear.

Third Sunday, Oct. 21

Lesson 29

- I. Second Missionary Journey of St. Paul (continued).
 1. Reflections on the work in Philippi.
 2. Founding the Church at Thessalonica.
 3. Paul at Berea.
 4. Paul at Athens.
 5. Paul's speech at Mar's Hill.

Fourth Sunday, Oct. 28

Lesson 30

- I. Second Missionary Journey (continued).

1. Paul at Corinth.
2. Founding of the Church at Corinth.
3. Gallio.
4. The Epistles to the Thessalonians.
5. Paul at Ephesus.

Third Year—Old Testament Studies

[Outlines Suggested by E. C. Ashton]

Lesson 28. From Kadesh to Jordan

- (Num. 20-26; Deut. 34).
- I. Miriam, the sister of Moses, dies.
- II. Moses and Aaron Sin Against God.
 - (a) The need for water.
 - (b) The commandment from God.
 - (c) God's displeasure with His servants.
- III. The death of Aaron.
 - (a) Preparations for the death.
 - (b) The mourning of the people.
 - (c) His priesthood conferred upon his eldest son.
- IV. Israel visited with the Plague of Serpents.
 - (a) The place.
 - (b) The divine cure.
- V. The Presence of Israel Puts Fear in the Hearts of the Moabites and Their King Sends for the Prophet Balaam.
 - (a) God appears unto Balaam.
 - (b) The prophet answers the king of the Moabites.
 - (c) An angel appears in front of Balaam's ass.
 - (d) The Lord causes the ass to speak.
 - (e) Balaam declines to curse what God has blessed and returns.
- VI. Israel Transgress.
- VII. Joshua Called to Lead the People and Moses Ends his Career.

"Old Testament Studies," Chap. 24.

Lesson 29. Joshua Crosses The Jordan**I. Joshua Assumes Leadership.**

- (a) God's promise to Joshua.
- (b) Becomes a great military leader.

- 1. His humility and obedience.

- 2. Inspires public confidence.

- (c) Preparations for the crossing of the river.

II. The Hosts Cross the Jordan.**III. The Second Generation.**

- (a) The training of the new generation.

- (b) Joshua draws important lessons from experience.

IV. From Gilgal the Armies of Israel Strike at Jericho.

- (a) The spies and Rahab the Harlot.

- 1. The reputation of the people reaches Canaan.

- 2. The odds with God's people.

- 3. She becomes one of the ancestors of Christ.

- 4. Did her conduct merit this blessing?

V. Native Inhabitants of Canaan.

"Old Testament Studies," Chap. 25.

Lesson 30. The Conquest Under Joshua**I. The Siege of Jericho.**

- (a) Preliminary requirements.

- (b) Rahab only avoids destruction.

- (c) Joshua curses the man who seeks to rebuild Jericho.

- (d) Paul's illusion to the fall of Jericho.

II. The Israelites Meet Defeat.

- (a) Spies enter Ai and Bethel.

- (b) Advise in favor of small army.

- (c) Israelites taken by surprise.

- (d) Sin of Achan the cause.

III. Captain of the Lord's Hosts.

- (a) Joshua's self abnegation and humility.

- (b) Invisible hosts.

IV. Fall of Ai and Bethel.

- (a) Manner of taking prescribed by God.

- (b) The Military ruse.

- (c) The king hanged on a tree.

V. The Gibeonites.

- (a) Their deception.

- (b) A covenant spares them.

"Old Testament Studies," Chap. 26.

Second Intermediate Department

Harold G. Reynolds, chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks, and Adam S. Bennion

First Year—Church History

[Prepared by Nephi Anderson]

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

First Sunday, Oct. 7

Uniform Fast Day lesson

Second Sunday, Oct. 14

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," Chapter 28. Other references for teachers: Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 430-438.

This lesson deals with the raising of the Mormon Battalion and its wonderful march across the then uninhabited and desert part of our south-western states. Daniel Tyler, one of the mem-

bers of the Battalion, has written a detailed history of the Battalion, but as this book is now out of print, it may not be obtainable. The teacher should read Evans' abbreviated account, as he gives some interesting details not found in the pupils' text.

As this lesson deals with war and with soldiers, it ought to be made timely and appropriate. War is terrible at any time and in any of its phases, but when it comes to us as a duty, how should we meet it? How did the Latter-day Saints meet this call made on them by the government, and what was President Young's attitude?

Compare conditions under which the Mormon Battalion was raised and under which soldiers are raised today.

The map (facing page 129 in the text) given a general view of the routes taken by the Battalion and also by the first company of Pioneers. However, it would be helpful if a large map of the United

States were had and a more detailed study of the routes made.

Third Sunday, Oct. 21

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folk's History of the Church," Chapter 29.

Teachers' Reference: "Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 493-449.

The advent of the first company of pioneers into the valley of the Great Salt Lake was an epoch-making event. When do we celebrate it? Show how it fulfilled the plans prepared by Joseph Smith, the Prophet. Who led the company? Who led Brigham Young? Salt Lake Valley was at that time a desert. Why did they not go on to California, known to be a beautiful country? Show the hand of the Lord in this. (Had they gone to California, they would likely have taken part in the rush for gold which deluged that country, and would shortly have been again among the very kind of people from whom they had fled.)

The boys should be able to trace the Pioneer Trail from the Utah boundary line to Salt Lake City. Some of them may have taken part in the annual boy-scout hike over the trail. If so, let them tell the story of the hike.

Fourth Sunday, Oct. 28

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folk's History of the Church," Chapter 30.

Teachers' Reference: Evans' "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pages 450-461.

The lessons now bring us nearer home, to the early settlements of Salt Lake City and the surrounding country. The pupils should be impressed with the trials and the hardships which many of their parents or grandparents endured in the settlement of these valleys. Emphasize the story of the crickets, and show how the Lord came to the rescue when the people had done all that they

could themselves. The beautiful Sea-Gull monument on the Tabernacle Square in Salt Lake City graphically tells the story. A fine lesson could be given the classes in Salt Lake City by a personal visit under the charge of the teacher. To those at a distance, pictures of the monument could be used.

Other important events in this lesson are the beginning of irrigation and the fulfillment of President Kimball's prophecy. From these events, impressive lessons should be drawn.

Third Year—"What it Means to be a Mormon"

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

First Sunday, Oct. 7

See Superintendent's Department for uniform Fast Day Exercises.

Second Sunday, Oct. 14

Chapter 27. "What it Means to be a Mormon"

Third Sunday, Oct. 21

Chapter 28. "What it Means to be a Mormon"

Fourth Sunday, Oct. 28

Chapter 29. "What it Means to be a Mormon"

Have each of your pupils prepare a paper on one of the subjects discussed during the month. If you can arrange to have the best essay read before the school it will likely stimulate greater interest in the undertaking. The following titles are merely suggestions:

"Am I Honest With Myself?"

"The Man Who Steals, Steals Most from Himself."

"The Glory of Truth."

"What Modesty Means to Me."

First Intermediate Department

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows and J. W. Walker

First Year—Book of Mormon

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

First Sunday, Oct. 7

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Second Sunday, Oct. 14

Lesson 28. Samuel, the Lamanite

[By J. W. Walker]

Text: Helaman 13, 14, 15 and 16.
Lesson setting.

Memory Gem: Isa, 59:1. "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear."

Truth to be taught: Amos 3:7. "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but He revealeth His secret unto His servants the prophets."

I. Samuel's Mission to the Nephites.

1. Nephites very wicked.
2. Lamanites more wealthy but more righteous.
3. Nephites resent his warnings.
4. Drive him from the city.
5. An angel bids him return to the city.

II. Delivers a decree from the top of the walls of the city.

1. Its contents.

III. Prophecies of the coming of the Savior five years hence.

1. The wonderful events to take place at that time.

IV. Some receive his message; others stone him.

1. Unable to hit him.
2. A testimony unto many.
3. He is finally driven away.

V. The prophet's words find a fulfillment in the birth, death, and resurrection of Christ.

The teacher is referred to the above mentioned chapters for lesson statement.

Third Sunday, Oct. 21

Lesson 29. Nephi, the Disciple

Text: 3 Nephi 1, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Lesson setting.

Memory Gem: John 10:16. "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd."

Truth to be taught: The salvation offered by Jesus was for those who lived in the new world as well as those who live in the old, near Jerusalem.

I. Nephi the Disciple becomes High Priest and Prophet.

II. Unbelievers declare that signs to take place at the coming of the Savior will fail.

1. Make a decree that all believers will be put to death if signs do not appear by certain day.

III. Nephi pleads with the Lord.

1. After one day's pleading receives an answer.
2. The answer. 3 Nephi 1:13.
3. The signs follow.
4. Many of the wicked repent.

IV. No record of Nephi's life for succeeding thirty years.

1. At end of that time still preaching the Gospel.

V. Great events at the temple in the land Bountiful.

1. The voice from heaven. 3 Nephi 11:7.
2. The Savior appears.
3. His words. 3 Nephi 11:10, 11, 14, 17, 21, 22 to 26; 3 Nephi 19:13, 14.

See above mentioned chapters for lesson statement.

Fourth Sunday, Oct. 28

Lesson 30. Jesus the Christ

[By Josiah Burrows]

Nephite Prophets foretell the Birth, Ministry, Death and Resurrection of Jesus Christ.

I. Lehi. I Nephi, Chapter 10.

- (a) The coming of the Savior.
- (b) His baptism by John.
- (c) His death at the hands of the Jews.
- (d) His resurrection.

II. Nephi. I Nephi, Chapter 11.

- (a) The city of Nazareth.
- (b) The birth of Jesus.
- (c) His baptism, and ministry.
- (d) The twelve following Him.
- (e) The sick healed, and devils cast out.
- (f) Taken by the people and lifted upon the cross.

III. Jacob. Book of Jacob, Chapter 7.

- (a) All of the prophets have testified concerning the Christ.
- (b) If it were not for the Atonement, all mankind would be lost.

IV. Abinadi. Mosiah 15:1-7; 16:6-9.

- (a) Testifies concerning the coming of Christ.
- (b) His temptation,—His miracles.
- (c) His crucifixion and death.
- (d) The value of the atonement.

V. Benjamin. Mosiah 3:3-10.

- (a) Visited by an angel.
- (b) The Lord shall come down from heaven, and dwell in a tabernacle of clay.
- (c) Shall work mighty miracles, and raise the dead.
- (d) His name and that of his mother foretold.

VI. Amulek. Alma 34:8-14.

- (a) His personal testimony.
- (b) The nature and importance of the atonement.

VII. Samuel the Lamanite. Helaman 14.

- (a) The Savior would come in five years.

- (b) At his advent there would be great lights in heaven.
- (c) A prolonged day of 36 hours.
- (d) A new star will appear.
- (e) At his death the sun shall be darkened.
- (f) Three days of darkness.
- (g) Thunder, lightings, earthquakes, tempests, mountains laid low, valleys become mountains, highways shall be broken up, cities become desolate, many graves opened and yield up the dead.

Truth to be taught: The importance of Prophecy as a revelation to the Nephites, and showing the way of salvation.

Point of Contact Teach: the children the value of membership in a church, that teaches and possesses the divine gifts of prophecy and revelation.

Third Year—The Life of Christ

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

[Suggestions by George M. Cannon]

First Sunday, October 7

Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Second Sunday, October 14

Lesson 28

This lesson includes chapters in our text book:

Chapter 55. Bartimaeus (pronounced Bar-ti-maeus)

Read Mark 10:46-52.

Chapter 56. The Feast at Bethany

Read Matt. 26:6-13; John 12:1-12; Mark 14:3-9.

In the description given in John, above referred to, we have the biblical account corresponding most nearly to that in our text book. The other references are given, however, in order that the teachers may read and compare accounts in the Bible.

For the account of the woman who had been a sinner and washed the feet of the Savior read Luke 7:36-50.

Third Sunday, October 21

Lesson 29

Chapter 57. The First Palm Sunday

Chapter 58. The Children's Hosannas

For descriptions of the Savior's triumphal entry into Jerusalem read Matt. 21:1-19; Mark 11:1-11; Luke 19:29-37 and John 12:12-15. The Children's Hosannas are also described in the reference in Matthew above given.

Fourth Sunday, October 28

Lesson 30

Chapter 59. Farewell to the Temple. The Traitor and the Rulers

Chapter 60. The Upper Room

Teachers should read carefully the Scriptural references to the events treated in these two chapters of our text book. See Matt. 21:23-46; also Matt. 23:37-39. Mark 12:38-44; Mark 14:16-25.

Luke 22:1-30.

John 13:1-30.

Have the pupils memorize the blessing on the bread and the blessing on the water as used in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. (See Doctrine and Covenants.)

Primary Department

Chas. B. Felt, chairman; assisted by Florence S. Horne and Bessie F. Foster

To Teachers:

Beginning with October, we take up that beautiful course of lessons on the Life of Christ. Your committee desires to ask you to look upon your work as a splendid opportunity for service, a splendid opportunity to follow in the footsteps of the Master, whose whole life and ministry was devoted to service, and who has said "Come follow Me."

It has been truly said that "the ac-

count of His words and works is rightly esteemed as the world's greatest treasure," so let us not lightly enter into the study of the subject, but try to sense what it means to us personally, and recognizing in it the account of the most perfect life—that of the great Exemplar, whom we desire to follow—determine to try to see into its depths, to discern its lights and shadows, and reflect in our own lives as fully as weak humanity

makes possible, those splendid characteristics so strikingly manifest in Him.

To do this we must search further than just sufficient to prepare our lessons for the primary class, and in seeking further, our preparation will surely be so full of inspiration as well as matter, that our children will be the more greatly benefited and their lives, as well as our own, broadened. Let us see to it that we ascertain what principles He taught, what great truths His life developed, and not content ourselves only with what He did that would interest our children. And then, let us incorporate those principles in our lives and develop them in our characters.

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

First Sunday

Adapt the "Uniform lesson for October" as the Fast Day thought.

Lesson 1. The Birth of Christ

Text: Luke 1:26-56 and 2:1-7.

Reference: Our own book, "Stories from the Life of Christ."

Aim: The Lord manifests His love for His children.

Memory Gem: "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Song: Christmas Cradle Song.

Pictures: Annunciation (Hofman); A Madonna.

Second Sunday

Lesson 2. The Message to the Shepherds

Text: Luke 2:8-20.

References: Our book "Stories from the Life of Christ" and Weed's "A Life

of Christ for the Young," Chapters II, III; also Ben Hur, XI.

Aim: God manifests His goodness to the humble.

Memory Gem: "Fear not: * * * For unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Savior, which is Christ the Lord."

Picture: Arrival of the Shepherds. (Lerolle.)

Song: "Shepherds were watching their flocks through the night."

Third Sunday

Lesson 3. The Presentation in the Temple

Text: Luke 2:22-38.

References: "Stories from the Life of Christ," (primary department) and Weed's "A Life of Christ for the Young," IV.

Aim: The divinity of Christ.

Memory Gem: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace. * * * for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

Picture: Presentation in the Temple.

Fourth Sunday

Lesson 4. The Wise Men of the East

Text: Matthew 2:1-12.

References: "Stories from the Life of Christ," (Primary Department); Weed's "A Life of Christ, etc.," V; Ben Hur, Book First I, V, XII-XIV.

Aim: God rewards earnest effort in search of truth.

Memory Gem: "Where is He that is horn king of the Jews? for we have seen His star in the east, and are come to worship Him?"

Pictures: Star of Bethlehem (Dore); The Magi (Hofman).

Kindergarten Department

Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Assisted by Beulah Woolley and Kate McAllister

LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER

Text Book: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," First Year.

In the August number of the "Juvenile Instructor" the September lessons for the second year instead of the first were given in error. The correct lesson titles are as follows:

First Sunday, September 2

Adapt Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Second Sunday, September 9

Lesson 25. Joseph Sold into Egypt

Text: Genesis 37.

Aim: In order to please the Lord we must have a forgiving spirit.

Third Sunday, September 16

Lesson 26. Joseph and His Brothers in Egypt

Text: Gen. 41:28-57; 42.

Aim: Same as second Sunday.

Fourth Sunday, September 23

(Mark 12:41-44; Luke 21:1-4.)

Lesson 27. Joseph Taking Care of his Father and Brothers

Aim: It is not the amount of the gift but the spirit in which it is given that counts with our Heavenly Father.

Text: Gen. 43, 44, 45, 46:29, 30.

Aim: The same as former lessons.

Fifth Sunday, September 30

Review the story of Joseph.

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER

Text Book: "Sunday Morning in the Kindergarten," First Year.

First Sunday, October 14

Adapt Uniform Fast Day lesson.

Lesson 28. The Widow's Offering**Third Sunday, October 21****Lesson 29. Elijah and the Widow**

(I Kings 17:8-16.)

Aim: God blesses those who help His servants.

Fourth Sunday, October 28**Lesson 30. Elisha and the Woman of Shunem**

(II Kings 4:8-17.)

Aim: Same as previous Sunday.

Don't Cry*By Mrs. Parley Nelson*

Don't cry, my darling, though weary feet stumble
 And bruises and bumps be your share,
 Your mother will kiss away all tears and trouble,
 And watch you with tenderest care;
 Pain teaches a lesson, and if we'll but heed it,
 We'll learn to do better each day;
 Then don't cry, my darling, though weary feet stumble,
 But watch for the stones in the way.

Don't cry, my darling, though toys may be broken,
 And marbles and tops go astray,
 Though others possess the prized treasures you long for,
 And play mates have all gone away;
 Earth's treasures are many, for those who will seek them,
 Companions will follow a smile,
 Then don't cry, my darling, tears cannot cure trouble,
 It comes to all once in a while.

Don't cry, my darling, though storm clouds may threaten,
 And dismal and dark is the day,
 Tomorrow the sun will shine forth in new splendor,
 And banish the shadows away;
 The roots of the flowers, the trees and the grasses,
 Are longing for fresh drops of rain,
 Then don't cry, my darling, though storm clouds may lower,
 The bright sun will shine out again.

Seeking the Kingdom

By Annie D. Palmer.

For three years Lora Wright had taught school in the little town of R——, a few miles distant from the city of Auckland. During all the three years her character had been faultless, so far as the town people were able to note. Faithfully she had attended to her work; efficiently she had taught and disciplined their children. She had aided them in their charity functions and been active in the Christmas festivities. She had played the organ at the church and taught the Bible class in Sunday school, and only once in a quarter had she gone to the city to spend a week end with her aged parents.

But now the town-folks were all astir. Miss Wright had done a scandalous thing. Society ladies discussed it over their tea, and families talked about it at meal-time.

"I have said to my daughter," said the matronly Mrs. Brown, "that she ought to take her children out of school. A woman will teach what she believes, and if Miss Wright believes these people are right, there is no telling—"

"Fancy!" exclaimed prim little Mrs. Jarvis. "Fancy my little Jessica sitting under the sound of her voice, and her pouring out the doctrines of the 'Mormons'!"

"Polygamy and all," added Mrs. Brown, in horror. "She'll be teaching them polygamy along with their arithmetic!"

"It wouldn't surprise me at all," remarked Miss Casto, the spinster, "if she should marry one of those fine-looking missionaries, even though he might have a wife and family at home. They say she has broken her engagement with Fletcher Westrope."

"Oh!" Mrs. Jarvis exclaimed, "that isn't to be wondered at at all! Westrope would never look the second time at a 'Mormon'!"

"My son says," volunteered Mrs. Adamson, "that Westrope went so far as to offer to accept her faith if she would not go away; but she would make no promise, only insisted on his taking her to America; and Westrope doesn't see the sense in leaving his vast possessions."

"I think very likely that is not true," Mrs. Brown answered. "Westrope has been brought up in the church—"

"What about her bringing up?" asked two or three in chorus.

"Well, there must have been a slackness somewhere."

"It's strange—it certainly is strange."

On this point they all seemed to agree, and continued to sip their tea in wonder.

Meantime two of the school committeemen had dropped into the school room after Miss Wright was gone for the day. Everything was in perfect order for the morrow's lessons—books in their places, spelling lesson on the black-board, and a neatly written plan for the day, on her desk. For several months she had been giving Bible texts for writing copies, and this time she had chosen, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." This was written in a beautiful plain hand on the most conspicuous part of the blackboard. The two men looked about and took in every item.

"I don't know how you feel about it, Samuel." Mr. Jackson began, "but I don't see anything amiss with the teacher's work—"

"You do not see the copy there that the children have to sit and stare at all day tomorrow, I suppose!" snorted Samuel Ware.

"Yes, I do see it. We haven't had another teacher, since I have been on the committee, could begin to match it."

"For impudence, I should say, no!"

"I mean for writing. The text is from the gospels."

"And what is that to her? We do not hire Miss Wright to teach the gospel."

"I think she put it there for the children to copy."

"Well, she got it from the 'Mormons.' I heard one of them quoting it—"

"In so far, at least, they are orthodox, then."

"Perhaps you are going to join them, too. Do as you like, of course, but no 'Mormon' shall teach my children; and while I am on the school committee, no 'Mormon' shall teach in our school. The hussy! She'll run away with one of the 'Mormons,' yet, no doubt of it!"

For several months Lora had been reading the Latter-day Saints literature that came to her hands. Knowing the antagonism she was sure to meet when once it became known, she had read in secret. She had also prayed in secret, prayed to know the right, prayed for courage to do the right. Lately she had felt the need of hearing the word from the lips of God's servants, of asking questions, of being taught the gospel. So she had gone to their meetings. How she had been thrilled with the story of the angel's visit to the earth! How she had rejoiced in the testimonies of the healing power of the priesthood! How she had wept because of the persecutions of the saints and the martyrdom of the prophet!

One of the elders loaned her a Book of Mormon. She could hardly wait to get home to begin to read it. When she had had it for a week she sent the price of it to the elder, saying that she must never again be without so precious a volume. She had never been so happy in all her life as now. The knowledge of God's love, of His power, of His tender care, was borne in upon her soul. If only her mother might know and share her joy!

It was now nearly three months

since she had seen her mother. She had tried on the last visit home to speak about the tracts, but her mother was proud and somewhat distant, and she could not bring herself to speak of so unpopular a thing. Now she knew that she must talk about it, and resolved to do so during her next visit. If she could only get her mother interested, her father's interest, she felt, would be assured.

One other question troubled her greatly—Fletcher Westrope, her lover. She knew, as so many others knew, how carefully he had been trained in the faith of his fathers. But Fletcher was so broad-minded, so honest, she felt that he could not help seeing and accepting the truth. How little she knew about the influences that blind men to their eternal needs!

While the school committee-men were discussing her work that afternoon in the little school-house, Lora was in sublime contemplation of the wonderful Book of Mormon chapters that tell about Christ's ministry among the Nephites. So enraptured was she that the call to supper was unheeded; and she could scarcely lay the volume down in time to go to the private meeting that was being held at the home of a convert.

When the meeting was ended she applied for baptism. Elder Dixon advised her to wait until she had consulted her parents; but she insisted on the ordinance at once.

"I am of age," she said, "and I have a right to follow my conscience in the matter of religion. I am fully convinced of the divinity of your teachings, and come what will, there must be no backing out."

So it was arranged that she and two others should be baptized at 5 o'clock on the following afternoon. A glorious flood of light illumined her soul, as she lay thinking it over that night, and it was nearly morning before she slept.

It lacked but a few minutes of time to begin work when she reached her

schoolroom next morning. As she drew near she wondered why so few children were on the grounds. She wondered more that none of these came to meet her. Why did they stand aside and look so strangely at her as she entered? She glanced about the room as she reached the door. There was the cause. The first blow was struck. Her beautiful copy had been erased from the blackboard, and in its place was written in a bold, well-known hand:

"There will be no school here the remainder of this week. The 'Mormon' teacher is discharged.

"SAMUEL WARE."

Lora hastily gathered up her few belongings from the drawers of her desk and walked back to her boarding place. She did not care so much for being out of school a few weeks before vacation time. It was the idea of being discharged that hurt. More than that, it was the cowardly manner in which it was done.

She busied herself during the day in packing her trunk and reading her beloved Book of Mormon, until it was time to go to the place of baptism. The spot chosen was the depths of a clear stream that ran through the meadow, nearly three miles from town. She had gone only a block from home when she met Fletcher Westrope. He greeted her coldly—almost sternly.

"You were not in school today," he remarked when first greetings were over.

"No," Lora answered. "How did you know?"

"Everybody knows," he answered, huskily, "and everybody knows the reason. Lora, why do you go to the meetings of these detested people? Why do you not content yourself with the teachings of your parents? These men have cast a spell over you."

"They have helped me to see the truth. Having once tasted of its joy and happiness, no one on earth can be content with other doctrines. Ex-

cuse me, Fletcher; I am in a hurry."

"May I ask where you are going?" He glanced suspiciously at the small suitcase she carried.

"Certainly you may. I go to the large willow grove on East Creek."

"Great heavens, girl, for what? To meet one of those scoundrels who—"

"Calm yourself, Fletcher. I go to meet not one, but several of the 'Mormon' elders. There will be other people of the town—Look ahead in the pathway. I go to be baptized today, by Elder Dixon, even as Christ was baptized by John."

The girl spoke with slow, determined accents, and the man saw that he could not stay her. He turned and walked with her along the path where some half dozen people already preceded them.

"Your mother would never consent to this," he went on. "You are bringing upon her a lifelong sorrow. At least you ought to wait until you have given her a few more years of happiness."

"She is my greatest care," Lora answered. "Oh, if only I could get her to understand, to feel the joy of it!"

"She will die of grief when she hears of it." The young man saw that he had touched a tender cord and took advantage of the pain.

"God will not permit a righteous act to do her serious harm. Will you come and witness the baptism?"

"I would rather witness your death."

"Fletcher, do not condemn without knowing! At least listen to reason. Let me explain my belief. Let the elders explain."

"Never, never! You have made your choice. If you persist in it, this is the parting of the way. If you go on in the path you are following, you go alone! If you choose to return with me—"

"I cannot return."

"Goodbye, then."

"Goodbye."

Fletcher Westrope turned back,

muttering curses on the men who were laboring to flood the earth with light. Lora Wright went on, praising God for giving her the courage to follow her convictions.

The girl's greatest fear lay in the attitude of her mother. All her life she had been a most dutiful child. How would it affect the dear, aged mother to have her thus ignore all former religious teachings and embrace a faith so unpopular? She thought it best not to go home until Friday, which would be the time for her regular visit. That would make it unnecessary to plunge into the subject immediately upon her arrival. In the meantime she must find some excuse for being away from home on Saturday, because the elders were to hold conference that day in Auckland.

Joseph Wright and his wife sat long over their dinner that Friday evening, arguing and discussing matters pertaining to the new religion that was being preached among them.

"Since you have already joined them, Martha," the old man said, "the sin of it be on your own head. But I'll have none of it in my life! I'll have none of their preaching and none of their visits! And don't let Lora hear of it, nor the boys. If ever a child of mine should join your cursed creed, I shall disown him! I'll not tolerate it in any one, Martha, except you, and there's an end to it!"

"May I have old Dolly and the light buggy to go in to the conference tomorrow?" the old wife asked meekly.

"Lora will be at home. Go and do the marketing, and attend your vile conference on the way. Let there be no word of it to the girl."

When Lora reached home, two hours later, she felt at once the strange reserve that had come into the home. She wondered if already Satan were marshaling the forces of home to cast her out. Could her parents have heard? Why were they so gloomy? Why so uncommunicative? What secret sorrow were they keeping from

her? She would open her heart to her mother as soon as she could see her alone. Ah, that would add a new burden to the already heavy heart. She would wait until after the conference when she had been cheered and strengthened by the preaching of the elders and the testimonies of the few saints who were there. Perhaps a way would be suggested that would make the news fall easier on the dear mother's heart.

"Father, may I drive in to town tomorrow with Dolly and the light phaeton? I shall want to be gone most of the day." She ventured to ask the question when they were getting ready to retire for the night. A feeling of suspicion shot into the mind of Joseph Wright, a gleam of hope sped into the heart of his wife.

"Why, daughter—" the old man hesitated. "your mother—"

"If you and mother are going to use it, father, it is all right. I can walk—or go some other day." The last clause was added to avoid suspicion. The situation was embarrassing all around, so nothing more was said.

After breakfast next morning Lora attired herself in a neat walking dress and set out across fields for the nearest point where she could get a car that would take her to conference. Soon after her departure old Dolly was hitched to the light phaeton, and Martha Wright drove away, her destination being also the "Mormon" conference.

As she neared the modest little chapel where conference was to be held, Lora saw the familiar old Dolly with the light vehicle attached. Her mother got down and began tying the trusty animal to the hitching-post. In a moment the happy girl was in her mother's arms.

"Oh, mother, mother," she cried, joyfully, "it is too good to be true! The gospel is so beautiful, so perfectly glorious! Mother, have you read the Book of Mormon?"

"Yes, dear," the mother answered,

"and I think it wonderful. Are you a member of the Church?"

"I was baptized last Wednesday."

"Thank the Lord for that. I received baptism three weeks ago."

The two women again enfolded each other in tender embrace, while tears of joy rolled down their cheeks.

"Mother, dear, I am not to return to my work. I am discharged." The girl spoke fearfully for she now realized what was the cause of her father's coldness.

"Yes, daughter, and your father will disown you, will send you from home because of your belief. But who is there who, having found the Pearl of Great Price, would not sell all he has to obtain it?"

They had lingered so long that they heard singing in the chapel, and hurried to take their place among the worshippers.

"Come, come ye saints, no toil nor labor fear,

But with joy wend your way;
Though hard to you this journey may appear,

Grace shall be as your day."

What comfort the women found in the words of that inspired hymn!

Elder Johnson spoke that morning on the subject of prophecy and its fulfillment. As Lora heard how God's house was "established in the tops of the mountains," she whispered to her mother:

"I must go to Utah, mother; there is no other place for me."

They rode home together when the afternoon meeting was over, and related to each other the joy and hope that filled their souls. They discussed their fears, too, and the probable results of the father's wrath. Lora also told her mother about Fletcher Westrope's bitter denunciation.

It was nearly sundown when Joseph Wright saw the two coming home in the phaeton together. All day he had been nursing his suspicions—all day he had been storing up his anger. He was ready for a terrible outburst the

moment they drew up inside the gate.

"The phaeton seems to hold you both very well," he began, in insinuating tones. "Where did you find each other?"

"We met in town, Joseph. We—"

"At the same conference, I suppose!"

"Yes, Joseph, at the conference. But I did not talk to Lora about it. I did not even know until I met her there this morning!" Mrs. Wright trembled with emotion.

"Martha, I have never doubted your word before; but any one who will become a Mormon will do anything else that is wicked and vile—"

"Father!" cried Lora, pleading.

"Hold your tongue!" he fairly shouted the words. "The Mormons are known for deceivers and liars."

"Oh, father!" Lora cried, again sinking at his feet.

"Away!" he roared, white with the fit of rage that was upon him. "You are no longer my daughter! Begone!"

He flung the gate wide as he spoke and seemed to cast her forth upon the wide, wide world. Lora started to go; but when she glanced at her mother she saw that the aged woman had fallen fainting to the ground.

Trembling, she hastened to her prostrate mother and began to rub her hands and administer simple restoratives. The irate man helped to carry his wife to her bed, but even while she lay unconscious, he did not cease his vituperations. It was as though a demon possessed him.

"She has lied to me," he kept repeating, "basely lied! You and she have concocted your infernal lies together! Your new faith has taught you that! It is a gospel of liars and adulterers and robbers! It has destroyed my peace; it has ruined my home; it has robbed me of my family—"

"Hush, father; she revives."

Slowly the agitated mind seemed to get its bearings, the suspended

consciousness to return.

"Do not leave me, Lora; do not leave me," the weak voice pleaded; and Lora looked to her angry father for reply. He did not repeat the order for her to leave, and she interpreted his silence to mean that she might remain.

For two weeks the fever and the pain held absolute dominion over the frail body of Mother Wright. The only intervals of rest that came were in the silent night, when Lora and the sufferer united their hearts in prayer to the God they had learned to love. But it was over at last, and the dear little mother with closed eyes and folded hands had been laid to rest. As soon as they returned from laying her away, Lora gathered up the things that were her own, and went to the home of her younger brother. A steamer would set sail for America in a week. She had money enough of her own to pay her passage. It had been her mother's last wish that the daughter should look after the temple work which she was not permitted to do for herself. There was no tie now to bind her to the land of her birth, and surely God was calling her to lands afar. She must away.

On the evening before her departure her father came. He was calmer now and in the old, firm manner in which he was wont to speak, he argued and reasoned and tried to turn her from her purpose. When he saw that it was useless he said:

"Have your own way, then, foolish, headstrong girl that you are. My lonely years will be but few, so it will not matter much. My will is drawn up. You are to inherit the property equally with your brothers on condition that you come to your senses and renounce 'Mormonism.' In the hope that ultimately you will do this, your share is placed in the Auckland Bank, where its interest will accumulate, there to remain while you live; but neither principal nor interest may be drawn upon to the extent of a sin-

gle farthing until you comply with the conditions I have named."

"Thank you," Lora answered tearfully. Mentally she added, "Your property may perhaps as well be otherwise disposed of."

Her younger brother and his wife went down to the wharf next morning to see her off. When the anchor was lifted, the gangplank raised, and the great vessel began to move slowly out to sea, she stood watching them from the deck until the throng upon the wharf was only a dark streak in the sunlight. Then a great loneliness came upon her, the like of which she had never known before, the like of which she prayed never to know again. It was as if she had cut herself loose from every human tie, and now drifted alone upon the vast unknown sea. There was no person on shipboard whom she had ever seen before; there was no one in America whom she had seen; there was no one in the world to whom she could go. Silent tears trickled down her cheeks and blotted out from her sight the loved New Zealand, now passing swiftly beyond the scope of vision. She sank wearily down in her deck chair and drew a rug about her. What was the passage in the Bible about God heeding the fall of the sparrows? Surely He would watch over her, and keep her safe while she was all alone. She opened a little handbag and took from it a small Bible that had been her mother's. Tears flowed down her cheeks afresh, as she pressed it to her lips, and then opened it to look for comfort.

"You are leaving home?" A woman's kind voice asked the question, and looking up Lora saw a plainly-dressed woman in a chair close beside her.

"Yes."

"And you are going far?"

"To America?"

"Oh, that is my country. How long shall you stay there?"

"I shall — never — return!" The

words choked her and she sobbed bitterly.

"Never return? Dear girl! To what part of America are you going?"

Before boarding the steamer, Lora had decided not to let any one know she was a "Mormon." If she answered this question truthfully she knew very well what the next one would be. But the woman seemed so friendly, so frank.

"I am going to Utah," she replied.

"How delightful!" exclaimed the stranger. "We may be fellow travelers all the way. My husband and I are just returning from Australia, where we have been doing missionary work for four years."

Somehow Lora wanted to tell this woman that she was a 'Mormon'; but the woman had not asked. Evidently she did not intend to ask.

"For what church were you doing missionary work?" the young woman inquired after a moment's pause.

"For the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Some people call us 'Mormons'."

"I am so glad, so glad," the girl exclaimed, extending her hand to her new-found friend. "I, too, am a 'Mormon,' a new one. I was going to Utah all alone."

When Arthur Ramsey came up a few minutes later to join his wife, he found her standing with her arms around the tall and beautiful young girl, whom every one had noticed as she came on board at Auckland.

"This is my husband, Brother Ramsey," she said, by way of introduction. "Arthur, Miss Wright is going to Utah with us. She has lately joined the Church and has been having a lot of sorrow. Don't you think she would like to live with mother?"

"If it isn't too far in the country."

"I should love the country!" the girl answered, her mind filled with pictures of a beautiful country home with green meadows and wide expanse of field and garden. Lora was no longer alone.

Miss Wright had lived in the home of Mrs. Ramsey's mother for a year. To the extent that it is possible for another to fill the hallowed place, the kind woman had been a mother to the homeless girl. Lora had found that there were many sacrifices to make, but, having made the supreme sacrifice of leaving home and loved ones for the gospel's sake all else seemed trivial. She found many lessons to learn, but being anxious to adapt herself to her new environment, she accepted these with a joyful heart. There were hours, too, and days of loneliness and gloom; but there was never a day in which the prayers she offered to God did not bring a rich reward in peace and hope and spiritual uplift. She had been accepted as a teacher in the public school, and had been at her old employment for two weeks. Arriving home after a rather trying day, she was handed a letter which bore her old home postmark and the well-known hand of her younger brother. Eagerly she tore it open in the hope of finding a friendly word—a message of endearment, an acknowledgment of kinship from her father. Alas, the disappointment! her father was dead. Even in dying he had refused to pardon her and insisted stoutly that she was not his child. Her share of the vast estate was held for her on condition that she renounce her hateful creed and return. The girl wept aloud as she crushed the letter in her hand. When she could calm herself enough to notice it she opened another letter and read:

"Dear Miss Wright:

"The school board has ordered that we do not open or close the school with prayer.

"Very respectfully,

GEO. B. LANG,

"Chairman of the Board."

"The school board is crazy!" she said, angrily, as she threw the letter across the room. "I wonder that they allow us to sing 'America' since it

says, 'Our fathers' God, to Thee?' Why, we pray in school where the gospel is not known! In the halls of congress, on the field of battle, in all the important activities of life, men call upon their Maker in prayer. If I can't pray in their school, I can't teach in it—let them find a teacher who doesn't need God."

She was talking to herself at first, but Mrs. Rogers had entered in time to get the trend of the argument.

"You must know, my dear, that the board are not 'Mormons,'" she explained.

"The bishop is on the board."

"Yes, but there are two others."

"Are the others not Christians?"

"It is the same spirit, my dear, that always directs its shafts against the truth. If you were not a 'Mormon' they would not object to your prayer."

"I cannot work where I am not allowed to pray. I shall resign at once."

Lora reflected afterward that she might have said her prayers at home and done her work in the schoolroom, but her resignation had been offered and her proud spirit would not retract.

The next two weeks were the most utterly hopeless of all the time she had known. The small amount of money with which she had reached her destination, was nearly gone. There was absolutely no hope of any help from home, now that her father was dead. She was completely barred from school for at least a year, since it was too late to seek elsewhere for a position. Added to all this, Dame Rumor began to hint at other dark reasons for her giving up her school. Lora did not doubt God nor the truth she had accepted, but she wondered to what dark depths her trials might lead.

Has there ever been a time in your life, kind reader, when all the forces of Satan seemed marshaled against you at once, until you were literally crushed with the burden of them? If so, you can understand the feelings of the defenseless girl at this period.

As though he had become the very ally of Satan, Fletcher Westrope now put in his plea. A letter from him reached Lora a fortnight later than the one which bore tidings of her father's death.

The vile scheming of the "Mormons," he said, had been uncovered. All their best followers were leaving them and returning to the orthodox creeds. He knew the purity of her soul would revolt against everything that was not holy, and he fully anticipated her early return. He was ready to forgive her and to receive her with open arms—nay, he would even make the journey to America to take her back, if she would give up the detested faith of the "Mormons" and cling to him.

"I don't know what I'm going to do," Lora said to Mrs. Rogers, "but surely the Lord will provide a way; and were I a pauper in the streets I could not give up my faith and return to him. He is in league with the Father of Lies."

"You could give music lessons," suggested the motherly Mrs. Rogers. "I wonder if I could get a few students."

"I am sure you can. I will help you."

The effort was successful. Something is always successful for those who trust in God. Lora's music students increased in number until she had all she could find time to teach, and her earnings were even greater than they would have been in the schoolroom. Being busy she began to be happy. And every evil thing Dame Rumor had set afloat was obliterated in the light of her pure and beautiful saintliness. For Lora was first and always a "Mormon."

"I brought you a letter for your birthday, dearie."

"From whom?"

"It has the Auckland postmark."

"Oh, from brother. Lay it up till

after dinner. Then we will enjoy it together."

"I brought this for your birthday, too." As he spoke, Frank Rogers laid a large envelope on the table. His wife picked it up and gave an exclamation of delight.

"The deed for the home! What does it mean?"

"That the last dollar is paid, dear."

"How kind is our heavenly Father! A little more than ten years ago I met you for the first time. You were my second mother's penniless boy, just home from a foreign mission, and I was a little outcast girl, with scarcely a friend except your mother. Now I have you and Ted and Joe and Margaret for all time—that is the thing that always seems best to me—and father and mother sealed for all eternity—"

"And it is the greatest thing—our children, our parents, to be joined forever."

"And now the home all paid! Oh, Frank, it is so good to live! But the dinner will get a bit cold."

"Never mind the dinner. Let us read your brother's letter. It is not a heavy one."

Her husband took the big armchair and Lora seated herself on the arm of it.

"This isn't from brother," she said, as she looked at the letter he handed her. "Who can it be?"

It was a simple note and read:

"Mrs. Lora Wright Rogers:

"DEAR MADAM—Your two brothers having become 'Mormons,' have relinquished their claim to two thousand pounds deposited conditionally for you by your father. I am directed by your brothers to inform you that the amount with interest from date of deposit, is now at your disposal,

"Yours respectfully,

"C. L. RAE,

"Cashier Bank of Auckland."



THIRD YEAR FIRST INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT, EPHRAIM NORTH WARD
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Teachers: J. Seldon Hansen; Ora Olsen.



Some Testimonies Regarding the Book of Mormon

The purpose of Book of Mormon study in the Church schools is to create in the minds of the students an appreciation for the Gospel and a desire for right living. At the close of this school year Calvin S. Smith, one of the seven teachers of this subject, in the Latter-day Saints University, asked the students of his theology class to state on paper whether or not the study of theology had had and would have for them a definite, positive, practical value. In each reply they were to give their reasons. Discussion in class had been very free and the opinion of the teacher had been frequently called in question and discussed. The teacher of the class feels that each reply was a true statement of the sentiments of the student.

All are not printed for lack of space, but the following will indicate the general feeling of the students:

I am certainly pleased to have the opportunity to tell how much I appreciate this Theology class.

First of all, I must say that I never knew what a wonderful school the L. D. S. was until I, myself, became a pupil.

Very often I tell my friends, and think about it, too, myself, that I might never have read the beautiful Book of Mormon if it had not been prescribed as a special part of my daily work. I have become more enthusiastic in Sunday School and want to keep learning about the wonderful

God that many people forget about until Sunday.

Even though I have not made my efforts realized, as yet, I really do want to live up to the Book of Mormon and the Bible, which I will study next year.

By studying, every day, things that are practical, things really concerning our duty in the world, I have honestly learned that these things are truly the most important after all.

Algebra, English, French, or any other valuable study is not nearly so important as Theology; and it seems a shame that so few know it. I am very sorry for my conduct and bad attention, and the little interest I have taken in it, and hope to learn much more next year.

I have started to read the Bible, which I keep near my bed, and nothing makes me happier than to read it in the early mornings and evenings.

I am sure I would not have thought of it if it were not for the Theology taught in our dear school.

I think a certain amount of religion should be taught in every school in the world.

—LaFawn Bailey.

The work in this class this year has been a great pleasure to me. I have learned something. I have read the Book of Mormon through, and think it has been of great benefit to me. I know more about the Church and about the resurrection. I think with a little reviewing I could tell the whole story of the Book of Mormon.

—Arvilla Thackeray.

I have learned a great deal from the Book of Mormon this year.

1. I have learned of the ancient inhabitants of this continent and that the Indians of today are among the first inhabitants of this continent.

2. I have learned how the Lord deals with His people. If they are righteous and obey His commands, they will prosper and the Lord will bless them; but if they are unrighteous they will have to suffer.

3. I have a better understanding of the Church.

4. I have learned of the things that have been prophesied that will come to pass in the latter days and that the things prophesied in the first part of the Book of Mormon all came to pass.

5. I have learned what the plates contained when they were delivered to Joseph Smith and what the Book of Mormon now contains.

6. I have learned how the Lord told the Nephites that the Law of Moses was fulfilled and they should no longer offer sacrifices but should have the Sacrament instead to show they remembered Him. He gave the prayers for the bread and the water.

—Lillian Maxfield.

The first thing I have learned in my Theology class is, "*Not to put off until tomorrow what you can do today*" in my lessons.

I have a more thorough knowledge of the Book of Mormon, and have learned much from the discussions and topics had outside of the lesson.

I have learned to "concentrate on a thing and do it." It has helped me to speak in the whole school and prepare my lessons, whether there was anything to take my mind off the subject or not.

I have learned to be more prompt in my religious duties.

—LeRoy Sanders.

I think I have become a better student and have been improved in re-

gard to deep thinking, and also in my behavior.

I have become far enough advanced in this class to become a second class teacher in our small Sunday School when I am home, and I have learned to like Sunday School, which I never attended, to speak of, before.

This class has broadened my view of Mormonism and increased my belief a good deal.

—Lester Nielson.

I think that this theology has been and will be a great benefit to me. Although I have not studied as much as I could have done. It has helped me with my Sunday School lessons and also to talk more fully about our religion. I also think that it will be of great benefit to me in after life. If I ever go on a mission I am sure that it will be of much use to me, and I am sure that I will never forget having studied it.

—Milton Cannon.

I have learned a great many things that are useful to me. The theme on lying and its effect was discussed in a way that I shall never forget; also on cards. I understand more fully the laws and the punishments discussed in class; what happiness really is.

I have read the Book of Mormon and I do not now consider myself ignorant of the history of the Nephites and Lamanites. I think I could tell pretty well their history.

I understand the principles of the Gospel better and will be interested in Sunday School and other meetings.

—Myrtle Reid.

I think I have learned many things that will be useful to me now and in after life. As for the things that would be useful to me now, I think the study of the Book of Mormon itself is of use to any one.

We learn the records of the people hundreds of years ago, the history of the Lamanites, the Nephites, etc. We learn many prophecies that were given to them.

The Book of Mormon also teaches us to know good from evil and we are taught how to gain true happiness, —by keeping the Sabbath day holy, returning good for evil, and honoring our fathers and our mothers.

—Ethel Corbett.

I think that this course has done me a great deal of good and will do me still more good. Often questions come up which need a great deal of discussing and if you don't know anything about the Book of Mormon you have to keep silent and cannot take part in the discussion. It has helped me in this way. Then there are many people who are not Mormons who like to talk about it. If we happen to hear them, and don't know anything about our religion we just have to let them go on talking about us. But if we *know* about our religion we can tell them where they are wrong.

This course has made me think about our religion and try to live up to it, much more than I did before.

—Mae Soper.

I am glad that we have had the opportunity in High School of reading the Book of Mormon all the way through. It will spur me on to read it again. When an Elder in the ward or any meeting speaks about some part of the Book of Mormon, I can just about tell the condition of affairs at that time. At one meeting a brother spoke about the Prophet Abinadi and I was glad that I knew something of what he was talking about. It has given me a stronger testimony of the Gospel and a regret that sometimes I did not pay attention as I should have done.

—Alex Schreiner.

The question is "Have I learned anything that will be of value to me while in the Theology class this year?" Yes, I think I have. When I first came into this Theology class this year, I am ashamed to say, I knew scarcely anything of the Book of Mormon. Now, after a year's study of it I feel better prepared concerning this study than before. I have learned many things concerning the history of the peoples of which this book tells and of how the records were made which contain the doctrines of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I have also learned that "man is that he might have joy." I think I know the true way in which we may have joy; that we should try to follow the commandments of the Lord, by being truthful, obedient, keeping the Sabbath holy, honoring our parents, doing unto others as we would have others do unto us, and always trying to do those things which will be pleasing to Him.

I have enjoyed my Theology work a great deal *this* year and hope I will be able to like it as well next year.

—Arlene Poulton.

The Buttermilk Slide

By Jean Brown Fannesbeck

The four little Brown children had been left alone for the afternoon. There were Lon, Joan, Clippy and the Baby. When they stood lined up, oldest by oldest, they resembled nothing so much as a small stairway with carefully graded steps ascending from the smooth, bald pate of the Baby, to the friz-covered top of Clippy who was next to the baby, and so on up to Lon, the big brother. Just how big he was, you may guess, for he was only nine; Joan was seven; Clippy, five; and the Baby, three. That is how they happened to be like steps, you see. That is how it hap-

pened, also, that the little Mother placed Lon and Joan in charge of the household when she decided to spend the afternoon at her neighbor's quilting party. She told them to take good care of the Baby, and keep Clippy out of mischief. And they, in good faith, had promised to do their best.

Mother had been gone about an hour, and the four little Brown children were just as busy and interested as she had left them. They were seated in their little red chairs, in a ring, in the clean kitchen. You see, there were just two rooms in this home: the kitchen and the "other" room. The kitchen was the cleanest place anyone ever saw, for the little Mother scrubbed the white pine floor daily, and kept the stove, the pots, the pans so shiny you could see your face in them. The cupboard, with its bright doors, and the windows with their white curtains, made you feel sure that house-cleaning time had just passed. Only this kitchen was always just this clean.

It was in this shining kitchen that the children always played when they were indoors, except on special days in mid-winter when a fire was lighted in the large fireplace in the "other" room, and they were allowed to cavort about on the home-made rug in front of the bright blaze. Now it was springtime so they played in the kitchen.

Clippy was busy cutting out paper dolls from an old fashion book. She snipped diligently, and with much accuracy, making marvelously small turns with her scissors around the noses of the dolls. She had learned to clip almost as soon as she could talk. Once, about a year before this particular afternoon, when she had been trying to use dull scissors, she said, "Goodness, Mother, these scissors aren't very clippy." So "Clippy" became her name forever afterward. And it just suited her.

The other three children were sitting as close together as their little red

chairs could be drawn. They were gazing in ever-increasing wonderment at the pictures in the book. That they had looked at these pictures hundreds of times made them none the less eager to do so again. Though there were many other books in the small home, this great, old, leather-bound volume, called *Earth, Sea and Sky*, was always the book to the children. As you may guess from its title, this book had in it pictures of everything that had ever lived, or ever happened, on the earth, in the sea, or in the sky.

Lon held the book on his knees. Joan and the Baby peered from either side at the pictures. Lon turned to the picture of an awful looking beast that always elicited a chorus of excited "Oh's" from the children.

Baby patted his two hands down hard on the picture and cried, "Oo! Lookey!"

Even Clippy stopped snipping long enough to look on, though she still kept the blades of her scissors distended as far as the thumb and finger of her little brown hand could stretch the shear handles apart.

Lon, with the superiority of having lived nine years—two of them in school,—spelled out the name of the great creature pictured before them. "D-i-n-o-s-a-u-r-u-s."

"Its name's as long as its tail," Joan observed, "An' Father said it lived on the earth before there wuz any houses or people—or anything!"

"That wuz before Noey and the flood," piped up Clippy.

Lon and Joan giggled.

"Noah, you goose," Lon corrected.

"Who cares?" said Clippy, as she snipped her scissors into a new piece of paper.

"Wouldn't it be just awful if one of those things 'ud come now and get us?" suggested Joan, who loved to turn her imagination loose on every possible occasion.

"They couldn't. They're all dead long ago," Lon derided.

"Yes, but 'spose one had hid away in the old cave in the south hills an' should come now, an' Mother away.—Yes, and what if it should come creepin' and creepin' along right up to our house, an' bang the door open, an'—"

Just then there was a loud knock at the door.

"Oo!" Clippy screamed, and dropped her scissors. Baby clutched Lon's arm and snuggled up against his shoulder. Joan sat open-mouthed.

"Open the door, one of you kids," commanded Lon. "It's somebody knocking."

"Oo!" cried Clippy, "I'm scared." Her brown eyes were opened as wide as they could stretch.

"Silly children," said Lon, and strode to the door.

Before he could reach it, the door was opened from the outside, and there stood not the great reptile that Joan and Clippy fully expected, but Bessie, a neighbor who lived across the fields. She had in her hand a covered pail.

"Where's your Mother?" she asked gruffly.

"Over t' the quilting," put in Clippy quickly.

"Well here's some buttermilk I brought," and she set the pail on the table. "Mind you leave it alone till your Mother comes home." She went out of the door and down the gravel path.

Joan ran out. "Thank you, Bessie, for the buttermilk," she called. "Mother'll make us some cookies."

Bessie looked back, but neither smiled nor spoke, then hurried on to the quilting.

"She didn't even say welcome t' you, 'id she?" remarked Clippy, who never had been known to err through being too polite.

Joan shook her head.

"Well good for Bessie, anyway. Now we'll have a fresh batch of cookies," said Lon.

Joan agreed, "Yes, the cookie jar's

most empty. All the raisin ones are gone."

"Oh! yes! That's 'cause you used so many at your old play-dinner yesterday, when the Jones' kids came," Clippy said resentfully.

Clippy had not been invited to the dinner. The Jones' girls had thought she was too small to play with them. "She's not our size," they had said, so Clippy, burning with indignation, had had to stand on the side lines and look on at the feast. She was angry because she had been left out, not because she did not help eat the cookies. She could get a cookie any time she wanted one. A large, covered, earthen jar stood in a corner on the kitchen floor where everybody could reach it. Every Wednesday the Mother filled it with fresh, round little cakes,—some with raisins, some without. The raisin ones always went first. Now the cookie jar was almost empty, for this day was Tuesday.

The children stood around the table looking at the covered pail.

Lon asked, "Don't you think we'd better keep this buttermilk cool? I'll put it in the window in the other room."

"Bessie said to leave it alone," warned Joan, to whom even the suggestion of a command spelled law, and was therefore a thing to be obeyed. "Buttermilk doesn't need to be kept cool,"—Joan was feminine and instinctively knew many things Lon did not. "Better leave it alone," counseled Joan. "It's cool enough. Mother'll use it for the cookies first thing in the morning."

"I think I'll put it in the other room," Lon persisted. "Clip, you open the door, that's a good one."

Clippy ran to do his bidding. Lon picked up the pail and had carried it gingerly for about three steps, when down it went with a crash, and the thick, creamy, buttermilk ran in an oozy stream from one end of the white floor to the other.

"Fer the land sakes," said Lon.

"Why the blamed handle was fastened to the lid. No wonder it spilled."

"Oh!" said Joan, "An' all on Mother's clean floor—an' she'd just scrubbed it so hard."

Clippy came skipping back. "Now Lon just see what you've done! Shame on you! Shame on you!" Clippy danced elfishly around Lon, pointing at him derisively with her slim fore-finger. Suddenly her feet scooted out from under her, and she sat down hard in the pool of buttermilk.

"Now Clip, you've done it!" Lon said, glad of the opportunity to get even so soon.

But Clippy, without chagrin, had sprung to her feet, and whipped the white liquid out of her clothes with brisk, hurried beats of her little, brown hands. "I'll tell you what kids. We can slide just dandy in that. Did you see how slick I went down?"

"Oh! yes! I saw," Lon said.

"Well I'm going to slide," said Clippy, and without more ado she ran a few steps, and with arms outstretched, took a slithering slide through the buttermilk to the other end of the room. In her wake the buttermilk splattered and flew in all directions.

"Don't make it worse," shouted Joan.

"It couldn't be worse," said Lon. "I think I'll try it just once," and like a streak he took a running slide through the white pool.

Baby clapped his hands, "Me too! Me too!" he cried and rushed into the fray. Soon, even the reluctant Joan joined in the fun, and the four children, arms waving wildly, slid up and down, up and down, the now slick and darkly polished strip in the middle of the kitchen floor. They slid one by one, two by two, and finally, with shrill shouts of delight, all four took hold of hands, and with a wild rush slid together.

They were half way down the floor in this last great slide, when the door

opened and in came their Mother. The force and speed with which they were coming, brought them into a tumbled heap about their Mother's feet.

"Oo! Fall oder!" cried Baby.

But the other three were speechless with horror until they saw the glimmering smile that played about their Mother's face. Then they knew they would be forgiven, and hoped the punishment would not be greater than they could bear.

"You see it was this way, Mother," Lon began to explain.

"Lon spilt it," chimed in Clippy.

"Yes, but who slid first?" rejoined Lon.

Clippy was silent during the rest of the explanation.

"Well, never mind," said Mother when the story was finished. "But now you've spilled the buttermilk, there'll be no cookies for a week."

Lon and Joan and Clippy looked crushed. The cookies! They had forgotten all about them! And the cookie jar was nearly empty!

"Make the cookies with water," was Clippy's brilliant suggestion.

But when mother said, "No cookies" with that not-to-be-changed tone of voice, the children knew it was useless to urge their plea.

Joan was conscience smitten. "I'll help you scrub the floor," she proffered.

Lon hoped the dire punishment might be stayed if they all helped Mother, so he volunteered to bring in some chips, make a fire and get the water hot so the floor could be scrubbed. And when the water was hot, little Joan scrubbed two small pieces with all her might, while her mother did the rest. Joan scrubbed and scoured so hard at these two bits of floor, and wobbled about on her little pink knees so much, that it hurt her to say her prayers for several nights afterwards.

In spite of all this work, no cookies were made the next morning. The children waited anxiously around the

kitchen, and mother had to ask them many times to go outdoors to play. Finally the morning's work was all done; the dishes washed and the kitchen as shiny and clean as it had been the day before.

Joan, who had been wiping the dishes, came out disconsolately to the three children in the yard. "I really don't believe she's going to make them," Joan confided. A great silence fell over the children. The calamity was as ominous as if the sun had failed to rise that morning.

"An' there's only five cookies left," sighed Clippy.

"Five? Why, there wuz six this morning." Joan was greatly astonished.

"Clippy sneaked one," said Lon, "I saw her eating it out back of the currant bushes."

"Never did!" said Clippy.

"Now Clip, you know very well—" began Lon.

"Well, it's all your fault. Who spilled the buttermilk, anyway? Say, who spilled it?" reiterated Clippy.

"Now, don't quarrel," begged Joan, "that'll only make things worse. Just five!" and she took mental stock of the contents of the cookie jar. "That's one for Lon, one for me, one for Clippy, and two for the baby."

"I'm nearly as little as he is, I ought to have half," urged Clippy.

"Greedy, you've had your share already, out by the currant bushes. You ought to go without a single cookie for sneakin' like that when there wuz so few left—that's what you ought to do," Lon scolded severely.

But Joan, born peace-maker, said, "Now let's divide 'em the way I said, and remember, they've got to last a whole week."

So the cookies were duly divided: one for Lon, one for Joan, one for Clippy, and two for the baby.

Lon said, "Pshaw, there's no use trying to be saving on one cookie, so here goes!" and his cookie disappeared in just about three bites. Baby soon

ate his two. Clippy's lasted all that afternoon because she allowed herself a bite only once in a while. Joan hid hers behind the big, blue bowl in the corner of the cupboard, and by judicious nibbling, made it last two whole days.

The week lagged. Again and again the children forgot the punishment, and a dozen times a day expectant little brown hands were thrust into the cookie jar, only to find it empty. But at length seven days had dragged themselves by, lazily one after another. Finally it was Wednesday again.

"Oo! Cookie day! Cookie day!" shouted Clippy as she jumped out of bed that morning. "Oo! I can hardly wait! Wake up, you kids."

By ten o'clock that morning the air in the kitchen was sweet with the spicy, warm smell of newly baked cakes. The jar in the corner was full to the top with cookies: raisin cookies, sugary cookies, and even one batch cut into all sorts of curious animal shapes.

"Oo! They're good," said Clippy blissfully, as she set her sharp, little teeth into her fourth cookie.

"An' besides, we had the buttermilk slide," sagely remarked Joan.

Glad Tidings

By Minnie Iverson Hodapp

X

THE SACRAMENT OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

"In mem'ry of the broken flesh,
We eat the broken bread,
And witness with the cup afresh,
Our faith in Christ our Head."

As we repeat these words do we think of the way in which our Savior instituted the sacrament? He called His apostles together in a room all by themselves. Here he broke bread, blessed it, and passed it round to them. He also poured out pure grape wine and passed to them. He did this to

teach the apostles of His great atoning sacrifice when His body should be crucified, His blood spilt. For this reason the sacrament is still given wherever the gospel is taught, that we may always remember Him, that we may keep the commandments He has given us, that we may always have His spirit to be with us. Thus a blessing most beautiful belongs with the partaking of the sacrament. Maintaining a pure heart, an honest mind, we must meet together often as is consistent and partake of the sacrament.

"But whoso partaketh of these emblems unworthily eateth and drinketh damnation to His own soul." Therefore, whoever has committed sin of any serious kind and has not fully repented must not partake of the sacrament. Whoever is angry, or who is in his own heart untrue to what he knows is right must not partake.

Let each child as he partakes of the bread, or lifts the cup of water to his lips think reverently of the Lord Jesus' great atoning sacrifice. Let us each desire and pray that we may always have His Spirit to be with us.

XI

SONG AND PRAYER

The tiny brook reflects the sun,
The golden star when day is done;
The rain-bow fountain pure and bright
Leaps upward laughing towards the light
And every little flow'ret rare
Locks upward to the brightness fair,
And more than these, Oh, should not I
Look upward to the Love on High
O thought of joy! Most pure delight,
I too, I too reflect the light.

Do you not notice how the lilies in the garden turn their fair faces toward the light? It is as if they understand the law of beauty and growth.

I have often heard it said that children are flowers of heaven sent to gladden the earth. They, too, must look above to the Father who is the fountain of love and the giver of every true and perfect gift.

To be in tune with divine love and truth is the great aim of all pure,

honest souls. And there are so many sweet gifts to help one on the way.

Said a Nature lover:

"My heart leaps up when I behold a rainbow in the sky."

You have felt the same. Every flower you admire, every bird you love, every stream you hear on its singing way makes your inner life sweeter and purer, more fitted to obey a helpful law. "Draw near unto your Heavenly Father, and your Heavenly Father will draw near unto you."

As you already know, God has appointed a way by which His children may draw near unto Him. He invites every one to pray unto Him in the name of His Son, Jesus Christ. Never with hate in the heart, never with cruel, unkindly feeling toward any person, but with love unfeigned, must we bow before Him that our prayer may be "in spirit and in truth."

"Come unto me" is the Savior's loving call. At the same time His command is "Pray always lest ye enter into temptation."

Again, "Did you ever think that sinning can make you leave off praying, and praying can make you leave off sinning?"

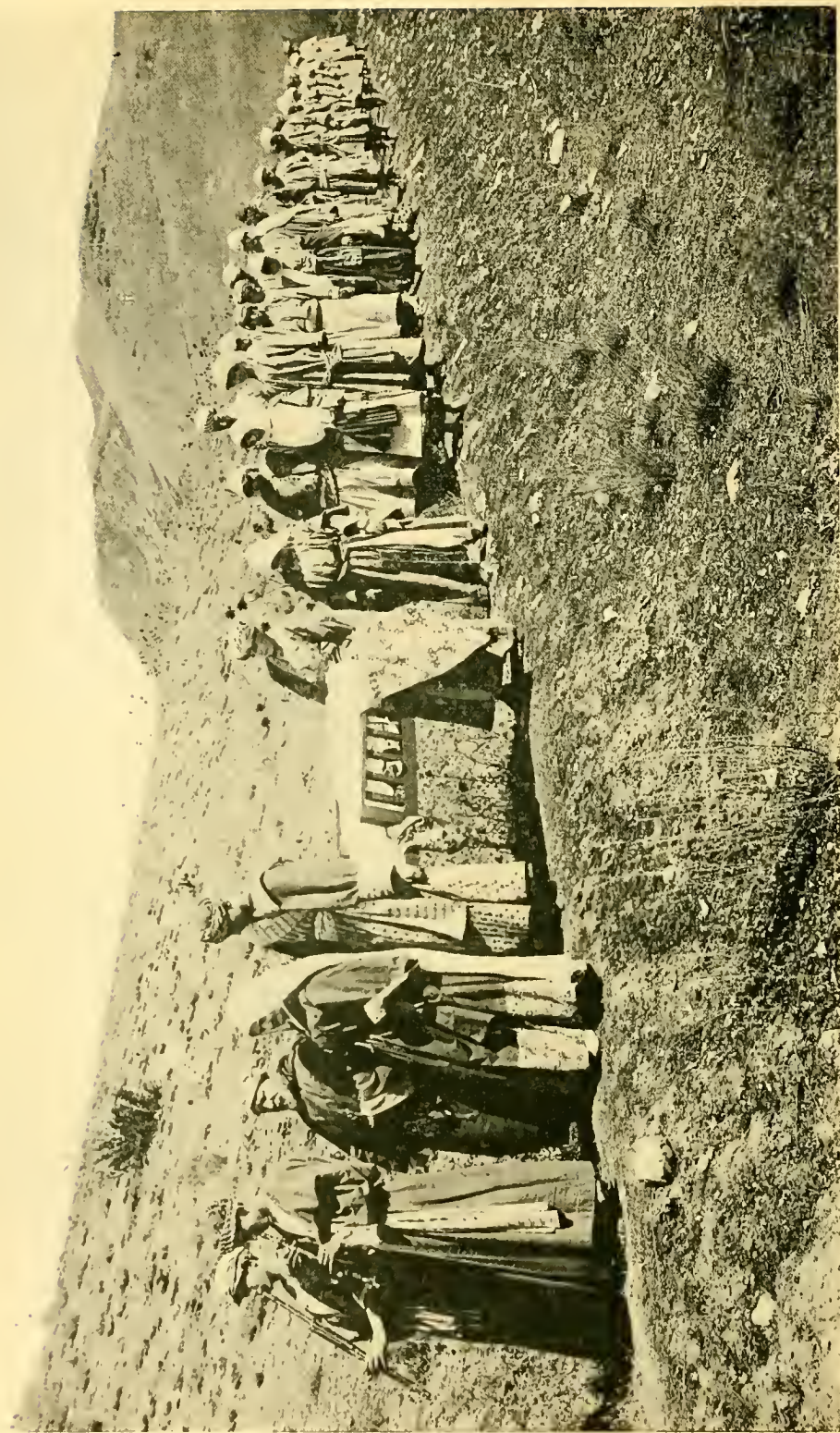
When Jesus, the Perfect One, was upon the earth, He prayed to His Father in Heaven. He taught His disciples how to pray and we still have on record in the New Testament, the beautiful Lord's Prayer.

We as Latter-day Saints are taught to pray from the heart rather than from a book. We should not make our prayers over long, but sincere.

Thousands and thousands of persons pray each day unto the true and living God. They have assurance also that He hears.

ANSWERS.

Answers, not echoes merely,
Truly, ye come, ye come,
Won by the faith-gift dearly,
Waverings stricken dumb;
Answers,
Not echoes merely,
Answers to prayer,
Ye come,



BURIAL OF ISHMAEL

Photo by A. J. T. Sorensen.

Burial of Ishmael

At the time Lehi and his family left Jerusalem (600 B. C.), there resided in that city a faithful Israelite by the name of Ishmael. He was well advanced in years, and was the father of a large family. While Lehi and his people were encamped in the wilderness, on the border of the Red Sea, the Lord commanded Lehi to send his sons back to Jerusalem, to invite Ishmael and his family to join them in their journey to the promised land. Nephi, you will remember, said: "The Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them." The Lord went before the sons of Lehi and, by the power of His Spirit, softened the hearts of Ishmael and his family so that they left their home and went with the young men into the wilderness. Ishmael's sons, however, had very little, if any, faith in the mission of the Prophet Lehi, neither did they believe what he and other prophets had said concerning the destruction of Jerusalem.

Soon after leaving Jerusalem, trouble arose. Laman and Lemuel, two of Ishmael's daughters, and the two sons of Ishmael and their families, started a rebellion, which was a shadow of a much greater rebellion which was to take place later. The rebellious ones were desirous of returning to their homes in Jerusalem. Nephi spoke very plainly to them, reproving them because of the hardness of their hearts and the blindness of their eyes. He reminded Laman and Lemuel of their having seen an angel, of the way in which the Lord had delivered them out of the hands of Laban, and how He had assisted them in the securing of the sacred records. He exhorted them to be faithful, assuring them that if they would be obedient to the commandments of God they would be led to a much better

place than Jerusalem, to "a land choice above all other lands," and that the time would come when they would know that the prophets had spoken the truth when they prophesied that Jerusalem would be destroyed, that many of the inhabitants would be put to death and others taken as captives to Babylon. The reproof of their younger brother caused Laman and Lemuel to become very angry, and seizing Nephi they bound him with strong cords. It was their intention to leave him in the wilderness, to be devoured by wild beasts; but the Lord came to the assistance of His faithful servant. In answer to prayer Nephi's bands dropped from his wrists and ankles and he stood forth a free man. Through the pleadings of the wife, and also of a son and daughter of Ishmael, the hearts of Laman and Lemuel were softened—for the time being. They felt sorry because of their wickedness, and kneeling down before Nephi they begged his forgiveness. He freely forgave them, and after they had prayed to the Lord for forgiveness the company resumed its journey. Soon after the arrival of the party at the tents of Lehi, Ishmael's eldest daughter became the wife of Zoram, and the four other daughters wedded the sons of Lehi. While traveling in the desert of Arabia, Ishmael had many severe trials, but they did not shake his faith in the Lord. While the company was camped at a place to which was given the name of Nahom, Ishmael died and was buried there. The illustration shows the funeral procession on its way to the place of interment.

If You Wish People to Like You

Don't be inquisitive.

Don't be discontented with what you have. Discontent shows in your face.

Don't find fault.

Don't contradict people, even though you know you are right.

Don't repeat unpleasant things. Always be cheerful.

Think first of the comfort and pleasure of those about you.

In all things obey the Golden Rule; and happiness will find you.

Never tell all you know; save some thoughts for seed.—Bill Nye.

Lessons in Crocheting

By S. A. Rintoul

(Photos by the Cooley Studio)

RICK-RACK LACE (Fig. 1)

Braid No. 30, crochet cotton No. 70.

Scallops: D in 1st point, Ch. 2, tt in next point; 8 times with 2 ch between each, ch 2, d in next. Repeat desired length. 2nd row: 2 ht in 2 spaces of each side of d, and 2 ht



Fig. 1

in each of other spaces with 2 ch between each.

Top edge, 1st row: D in 1st point, ch 4, t half way side from point, ch 4, d in point. Repeat across. 2nd row: T in each space with 4 ch between. 3rd row: Ht in t, ch 1, 2 ht in each space with 1 ch between. 4th row: 1 d in each space with 1 ch between. Picot every 6th st.

EDGING (FIG. 2)

Ch 20, in 8th st from hook 1 t, ch 5, miss 4, 1 d, ch 5, miss 4, 2 t in next 2 sts. Ch 3, turn. 2nd row: t in t, ch 4, cluster 3 t in space, same in next space, ch 4, t in t, ch 8, turn. 3rd row: T in t, ch 5, d between clusters,

ch 5, t in t and t in next st. Repeat from 2nd row desired length.

Finish edge: Cluster 3 groups of



Fig. 2

3 long t to first 8 ch, with 4 ch between each group, ch 4, d in next 8 ch. Repeat. 2nd row: 5 d to each 4 ch.

INSERTION (FIG. 3)

(For towels or yokes)

Ch 35, in 4th st from hook, 1 t, ch 2, miss 2, 5 t in next 5 sts. (The slantings ts is one st longer than others.) * ch 2, t in same st with last t. (With loop still on hook) miss 1, t in next st, (loop on hook) miss 1, t in next and thread through all. Ch 2, t in same st with last t, and 4 t in next 4 sts * Repeat from * to * once more. Ch 2, miss 2, 2 t in next 2 sts, ch 3, turn. 2nd row: T in t, ch 2, 5 t in 5 t, and t in center of 3 t, ch 1, t in same st, ch 1, t in same, and 5 t in 5 t. Repeat across. 3rd

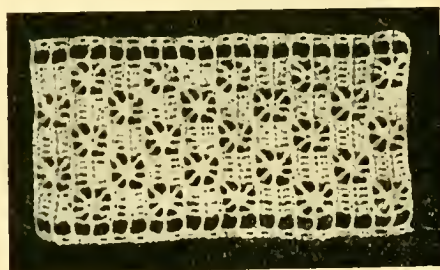


Fig. 3

row: T in t, ch 2, t in next t, ch 2, t in same t with last, t in center t, and t in slanting t, (thread through 3 together) ch 2, t with last t, t in space, t in t, t in space, t in slanting t. Repeat.



The Little Dog Who Rode In Street-Cars.

One day I was coming home on a street-car. It was not very full, and I sat near the back door. Presently the car stopped, then went on again. But I could not see that anyone got on. So I looked through the door.

There on the platform was a little gray dog, with a very pink tongue hanging out of his mouth. He was looking



He raced across the pavement —

up at the conductor and wagging his little tail as if he were explaining something.

He was a very pretty little dog, and he had a large red ribbon bow on his collar, which showed that his people thought a great deal of him. Besides, he was very nicely washed and brushed, and his silky hair was parted down the middle of his back.

After a while the little dog came in. He looked at us all very pleasantly, then jumped up on a seat, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for little dogs to ride in street-cars all by themselves. A great many people laughed, and some of them called to him, but although he wagged his tail in a friendly way, he was very dignified, and stayed just where he was.

Presently the car turned into another street, and

the little dog jumped up and put his paws on the window-sill. He looked anxiously out, up and down the street, for a minute or two. Then he sat down again, as if he were quite satisfied, and seemed to say, "It's all right; we're not there yet."

Two or three minutes after this he jumped up and looked out the window. The last time he stayed for quite a long time, and when he got down, instead of sitting on the seat, he jumped



Where are we, anyway?"

down and ran to the door.

The conductor rang the bell for the car to stop, and the little dog got off, and raced across the sidewalk, and up the stone steps of one of the houses and began barking furiously at the door. As the car jingled on I looked back at him, still barking, until a black boy opened the door and the little dog wagged his tail and ran in.

A gentleman called the conductor in and asked him about the funny little passenger.

"Oh," said the conductor, "that little dog?" He often takes a car home when he's tired. The conductors all know him, and when they see him standing or sitting on the crossings, they always stop for him. He never makes any trouble, and no one has ever objected to him."



"Wowf, wowf" let me in!"

The Children's Budget Box

A Friend to One and All

(Written for June number)

Once more a year has passed and gone,
 'Tis the first of June again,
 We celebrate with verse and song,
 And forget each care and pain,
 To honor one whose name we love,
 Whose name in praise is sung;
 He dwells with angels up above
 Does our leader, Brigham Young.

He brought the Saints across the
 plains,
 Cheering them day and night;
 They suffered from hunger, cold and
 pains,
 But he lead them through all right.
 When they saw the valley of Great
 Salt Lake,

Things were looking very drear,
 With cane in hand, he made no mistake
 As he said, "Here a temple we shall
 rear."

Hardships were endured by those pio-
 neers

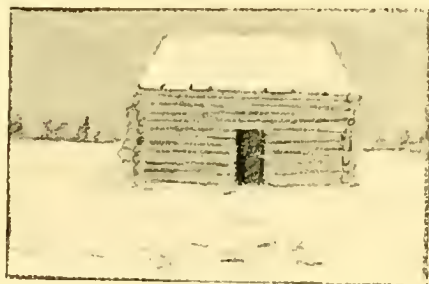
As they tilled and toiled and
 worked;

Poverty, opposition and sneers,
 But none of them ever shirked.
 And so in memory we celebrate
 The birth of one we recall,
 As being cheerful, early and late
 And a friend to one and all.

Mildred Read,

Age 13.

Oreana, Idaho.



Dick Lytel,

165 N. Third East,

Age 10.

Provo, Utah.



THE WASHOUT.

Photo by Irene E. Gailey,
 Kaysville, Utah.

Age 16.

How a Stitch in Time Saves Nine

Once there was a little girl named Margery who did not like to sew her clothes and she was very careless about tearing them. One day she went to her little friend's birthday party. While on her way she thought she would climb through a fence and thus save time. She was all right until she went to get out of the fence. She heard a tear and when she looked her new dress was torn.

"Oh well, it's such a little tear it won't matter. Mother can easily mend it." So she went on.

On returning home her mother told her to mend her dress. "I will in a few minutes, after I finish reading this story," was her answer. But alas! she forgot; and when she next went to put it on, she caught her finger in it and tore a great big hole. She sewed it up but it took her so long that she could not go to town with her father to see her cousins. She had been depending on some fun with her cousins for a long time, and to think she could not go now made her feel downcast. She finally had her dress mended. But it would no longer do for a party dress and her mother said she could have no more party dresses that year.

"You see," said her mother, "if you had done it in time it would have saved nine stitches and a dress."

Mildred Thomas,

Grant Ward,

Age. 10.

Idaho.



Amelia Larsen,

Geneva, Utah.

Age 13.

My Little Fish

I have three little gold fish. Oh, how they swim and play when papa puts them in the bath tub! It seems to me that they like it better than they do their bowl. We feed them once a day. They need fresh water every day.

Ella Cutler,

Age 6.

Lewiston, Utah.



Copy by Evelyn Redford,

Age 14.

Rupert, Idaho.

The Crane's Reward

In a jungle lived a fox. One day he had fish for dinner. One of the bones got caught in his throat. He asked all of the animals to get it out. They would not do it for fear of having their paw bit off. After a while his throat was sore, he could eat nothing. He offered a reward to the one who would get the bone out. Yet no animal would try.

He went down to the lake and saw Mr. Crane catching fish.

He said, "Mrs. Crane, will you get this bone out of my throat?"

The crane said, "If I can."

She put her bill down his throat and pulled the bone out. Then she asked for the reward.

The fox said, "Your reward was to get your head out safely."

Mary Louise Lee,

Age 10.

Houston, Texas.

Honorable Mention

Elvin Anderson, West Point, Utah.
 Celia Anderson, West Point, Utah.
 Ehrin Anderson, Hooper, Utah.
 Reva Allred, Manti, Utah.
 Gladys Allen, Paradise, Utah.
 Spencer Brown, North Ogden, Utah.
 Wanda Brown, Stavely, Alta, Canada.
 Grace Brower, Grant's Pass, Oregon.
 Howard L. Butler, Marriott, Utah.
 Vera Burnham, Kirtland, New Mex.
 Leola Button, La Verking, Utah.
 Ferrell Croner, Oakley, Idaho.
 Sterling Case, Carey, Idaho.
 Elsie Collett, Burley, Idaho.
 Rulon R. Dalton, Parowan, Utah.
 Thelma Douglas, West Point, Utah.
 Leslie Edwards, Panaca, Nevada.
 Carvel Evans, Denver, Colorado.
 Sarah Green, McCammon, Idaho.
 Mabel Hendry, Cardston, Canada.
 Marva Holson, Provo, Utah.
 Alma Holmes, Pocatello, Idaho.
 Nola Haltage, Enterprise, Utah.
 Sylva Hall, Enterprise, Utah.
 Ina Heiner, Morgan, Utah.
 Afton Hales, Standardville, Utah.
 Blanch Hunter, Pluma, So. Dakota.
 Alberta Jolley, Duchesne, Utah.
 Norma Jerman, Santaquin, Utah.
 Rulon Jones, Enoch, Utah.
 Letha Kildman, Arco, Idaho.
 Martha Kaiser, Benmore, Utah.
 Belle Labrum, Cedarville, Utah.
 Amelia Labrum, Cedarview, Utah.
 Lavon Lowry, Arimo, Idaho.
 Dora Maxwell, Nutrioso, Arizona.
 Pubv Nielsen, Paradise, Nevada.
 Ora Pope, Vernal, Utah.
 Clarence Scofield, Fish Haven, Idaho.
 Alice Severson, Rigby, Idaho.
 Ethel Shutz, Penrose, Wyoming.
 Olaf Sudweeks, Kingston, Utah.
 Alice Schwendman, Newdale, Idaho.
 Carol Sansom, Taylorsville, Utah.
 Melba Stubbs, Peora, Utah.
 Afton Spilsbury, Toquerville, Utah.
 Texie Thomas, Downey, Idaho.
 Naomi J. Tolman, Marion, Idaho.
 Lola Taylor, Mesa, Arizona.
 Alice Van Orden, Juniper, Idaho.
 Margaret Webb, Pinedale, Arizona.
 Vella Waddoup, Park City, Utah.

Nolen Worsley, Centerville, Utah.
 Rachel Wybrow, Avon, Utah.
 Lucile Wilde, Oakley, Utah.

Dorothy's Lesson

Mr. Black had gone away from home on business, and Mrs. Black needed some things from town, so her little girl Dorothy had to go.

"Oh Dorothy," called her mother, "come and get ready to go to town."

"All right, mama," said Dorothy. She combed her hair and changed her dress.

"Now, hurry and do not stop anywhere but at the store," said her mother.

She got on her little pony Ben and started on her way. The sun was shining and the birds were singing and everything was beautiful. After she had gone part of the way she came to the home of her friend, Alice Brown. She remembered what her mother had said about hurrying back and rode on.

Soon she reached the city. She went straight to the big store on the corner, did her trading and started back home. She rode fast, for it was getting late.

Alice came out and called to her when she passed. Dorothy thought to herself that it would not matter if she just went in a little while. She got off her horse, tied him up and went in.

While she was playing the sky became cloudy. The thunder rolled and the lightning flashed. Her pony broke loose and ran home. Mrs. Black was much frightened when Dorothy did not return.

Dorothy looked out of the window. The rain was pouring down. She jumped up and ran out to the gate, but no pony was there. So she ran home as fast as she could go. The rain spoiled her new dress and hat.

After that she always minded her mother, and when she was tempted to disobey she remembered the rainy day.

Leone Stoddard,

Downey (Grant Ward),

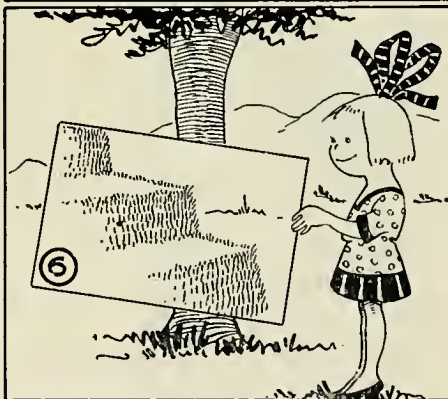
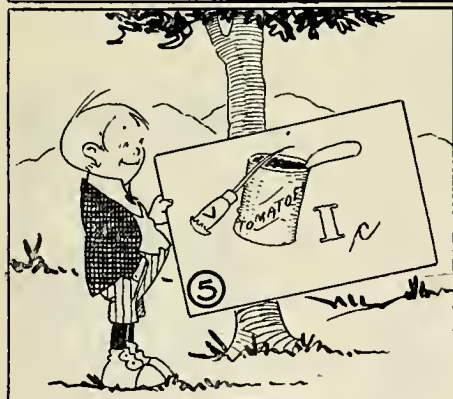
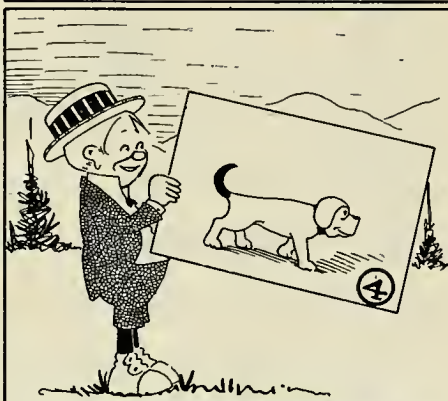
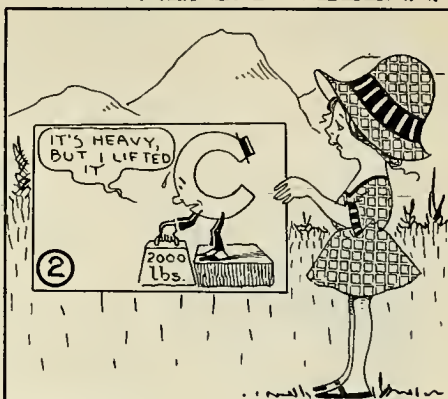
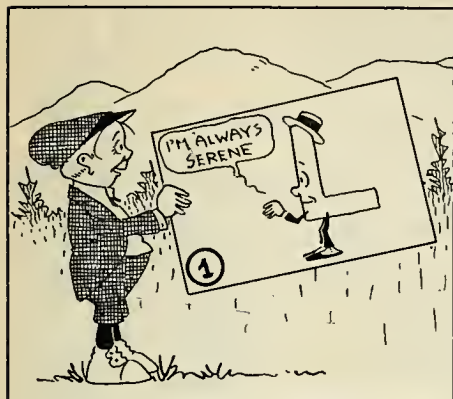
Age 11.

Idaho.

MOVNTAINS IN VTAH

A PUZZLE

BY WALTER WELLMAN








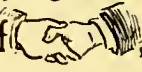








Prizes of books will be given to each of the first ten of all under seventeen years of age who correctly solve the above puzzle, and send us the best article of not to exceed 200 words, or poem of not to exceed twenty lines,

on any subject. Answers and compositions must reach us not later than September 15th. Address, Puzzle Editor, Juvenile Instructor, Room 202, L. D. S. Church Office Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.




The Little Noah's Ark

IX



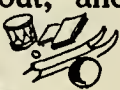








DICK and Dilly both ran to the  As it swung back, a man shouted, "Hello, Dick-boy!" and grabbed him and hugged him like a ; and a woman cried, "Oh, Dilly!" and grabbed her and kissed her. And  shouted, "Papa!" and  cried, "Mama!" And then Grandma B. and Grandpa B. came hurrying down the , and there was much shaking of , and more hugs and kisses. "Oh," cried Dilly, "we had almost started for the Christmas- !" "Then we're just in time," laughed Papa. And Mama said, "Yes, we'll go right along with you." "Did you leave word for , that the children were here?" inquired Grandpa B. soberly. Papa smiled and said, "Why, of course I left a , in the nursery !" "Papa's joking now," said Dick. And then they all went off to the Christmas-  at the . And, oh, it was beautiful --- they heard the angels' song, and saw the great light shine on the  that watched their  by night, and they








saw the Babe in the , and they saw the  bringing gifts! That was the first Christmas. And then there was a far faint jingle of , that grew louder,





and louder, until the children shouted to see the  dash in, and stop, with Santa and his loaded sleigh right before them! And jolly  rolled out, and said he had brought some belated .

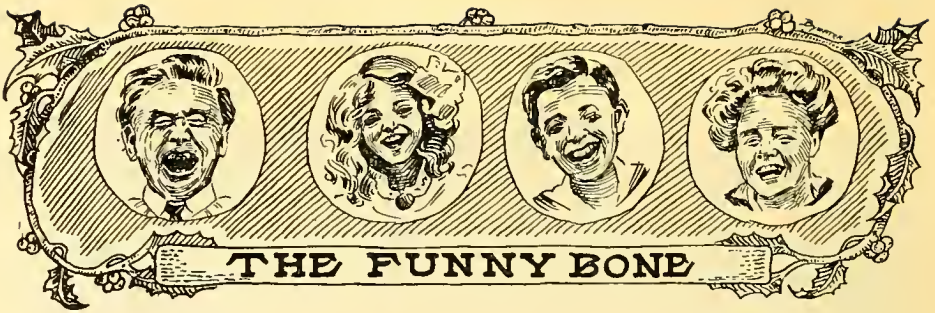
And somehow he must have got Papa's , for he had a  about wild  for Dick, and a  about  for Dilly. And there were more gifts on the -lit tree. Dick and Dilly liked best a nest of

, because in the tenth and littlest one, in the middle of all the others, they found the buck  which belonged in the little Noah's , and which Grandma B. had lost. At

last they went home, and dreamed about it all until morning---and then they found still more gifts in their ! At breakfast, as he was eating oatmeal and ,



suddenly looked up and said, "Now, Papa, please tell us about the  and the  you hid in Grandpa A.'s attic when you were a boy!"



Contrast

"I told you not to make me take a bath, ma. Look how plain that hole in my stocking shows now."—Judge.

Misunderstood

Mistress: "Are you married?"
Maid: "No'm. I bumped into a door."
—Awgwan.

Family Joys

Elmer Johnson says, "the first child makes a man proud, the second makes him happy, the third makes him hustle, and the fourth makes him desperate."

Unexpected

Teacher: "Gordon, use the word 'notwithstanding' in a sentence."
Gordon Rose: "Papa wore the seat of his trousers out, but notwithstanding."

Too Cheap

Posted on the window of a book publisher's store was a sign: "Porter wanted," and in the window itself on a pile of books the placard, "Dickens' works all this week for \$4.00." An Irishman read the card first and then the placard and said, "Dickens may take the job. Dickens can work ahl the wake fer foot dollars if he wants to, but I'll not touch it. Ye'd better kape Dickens."

Well Flattered

"Does your wife pay you any compliments?" asked Frederick Jimson of his friend, Benderley.

"Never," replied Benderley.

"Well, mine does; she flatters me."

"Often?"

"Oh, yes, frequently—particularly in winter," replied Frederick.

"Why does she flatter you so much in the winter?"

"Whenever the coal fire needs replenishing she points to the fireplace and says, 'Frederick the grate.'"

Did He?

Thos. A. Edison says he never found the time to be tempted. Ever try stepping on a tack when walking the floor with both twins?

Professing Too Much

"My dear lady, I go further than believing in woman suffrage; I maintain that man and woman are equal in every way."

"Oh, professor! Now you're bragging."—Life.

Wrong Route

When a steamer stopped at the mouth of a river, one day, owing to a very dense fog, an old lady became nervous and inquired of the captain the cause of the delay.

"Can't see up the river," replied the officer.

"But, captain, I can see the stars overhead."

"Yes," said he gruffly, "but until the boilers burst we ain't a'going that way."

Horse Talk

Willie: "Pa, when has a man horse-sense?"

Pa: "When he can say 'Nay,' my son."

Not a Disease, a Gift

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila (in Everybody's). "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestiddy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

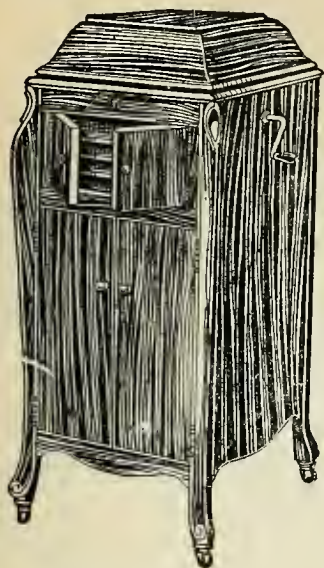
"Sho! What's he done got de matter of 'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun, and seems as well as any one; but he can't do any work at all."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't wuhk?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what you brothe' got! Dat's a gift!"



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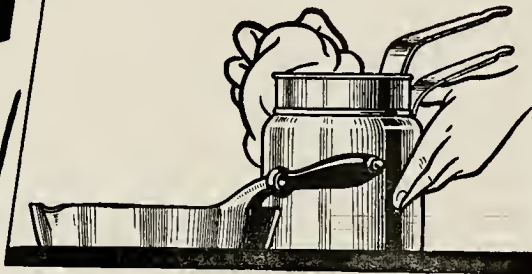
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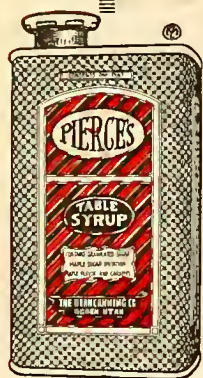
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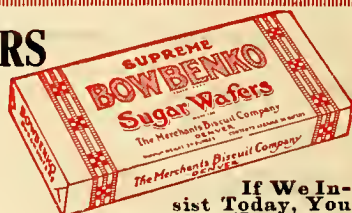
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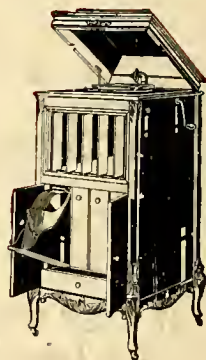
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